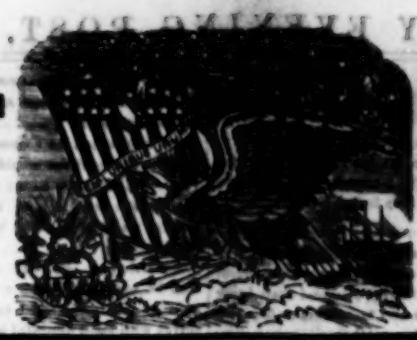


THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST

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WITHOUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My walk was long and wearisome,
And bitter was the winter night—
I paused before a princely home
Whose rooms were all ablaze with light—
I heard the children's joyful din,
I saw the smile their mother wore,
For he who latest entered in,
Remembered not to shut the door.

And there was laughter, and the sweep
Of ivory keys by one who sung
Old songs—such melodies as keep
The heart forever warm and young.
The sharp wind entered from the street,
And swept along the velvet floor,
Till a soft voice, low-toned and sweet,
Said, with a shiver—"Shut the door!"

Aye, shut the door! shut out the cold,
Shut out the snow and bitter wind—
Shut out the friendless and the old—
Those who have grieved, and striven, and
sinned.—
Shut out the loiterers, like me,
Who dream of homes which are no more—
Shut out all want and misery
And wrong and suffering—shut the door!

Oh, home—"sweet home!"—how sadly they
Whom wayward Fate condemns to roam,
Weighing their restless lives away,
Outside of love, and peace, and home—
Pause at thy gates, as I to-night,
Calling thy dear name o'er and o'er,
Drinking thy music and thy light,
Until the doom comes—"shut the door!"

Why list the infant's merry shout,
Why watch the mother's loving glance,
Oh, homelike soul, that wait'st without,
Blinded of these inheritance?

Why yearn and pine for joys which are
Denied to thee forever more?
The inaccessible and far—
Love's land of Promise—shut the door!

Aye, shut the door—but I shall keep
The memory of the pleasant room,
The pictured walls, the curtains' sweep,
The carpet's wealth of warm bloom,
The glimpse of those sweet and fair,
The dear old song I loved before,
The light upon the children's hair—
I have them all—now shut the door!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "RICHIE," "DARLEY," "MANY
OF BRETHERTON," "THE OLD DOMINION,"
AC., AC., AC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

One of the most curious histories which
could be written would be that of the varia-
tions of taste. Wigs, powder, pigtails, hoops,
wimples, farthingales, patches, and thunder
and lightning stockings, have all had their ad-
herents, have all been thought indispensable to
fashion and taste, and then, in a few short years
have been condemned as the most hideous mon-
strosities by a succeeding generation. But no man
has had experience enough to compile such a
history. The half-dozen variations which he
may have seen in his own time, could give but
little illustration of the subject; and, although
I have faint reminiscences of powder, a vague
idea of pigtails, and a distinct remembrance of
ladies in tight gowns which gave them the ap-
pearance of being sewed up in pelicans, yet I
do not consider that I have experience enough
to treat the subject scientifically.

"If a man could be sure
That his life would endure
For a thousand long years as of yore,"

he could lay himself out for such struts
studied; but at present I must confine myself
to one of those changes in the taste of roman-
ces which has occurred within my own knowl-
edge, and has been somewhat
puzzling to the fabricator of stories.

I remember quite well the time when long
and minute descriptions of scenery, costume,
armor, personal appearance—ay, and even char-
acter—were highly palatable to the reader.
The exquisite pictures afforded by the poems
and romances of Sir Walter Scott were the
delight of intelligent minds. Men felt in read-
ing them as if they were gazing at the glorious
handiwork of a Claude or Poussin; but we
have changed all that; we hear from the lips
of every little critic deep condemnations of
long and wearisome descriptions; and every
sort of similitude, from blood and thunder to
philosophical infidelity, is required to excite
the public taste. Fifty thousand throats cut
in one chapter, five or six thousand young ladies
seduced by one villain, with a reasonable ad-
mixture of gambling, swindling, drinking and
lying, form the best sauce to any story that
can be told, and although every now and then
a work appears, which, like the great "Novel"

of Sir Edward Lytton, commands attention by
its intrinsic power, few books can be produced
in which anyone peep, in some shape, does
not overbalance all the other condiments.

Now, dear reader, this is a long, laborious,
but not altogether unnecessary excuse for be-
gining the following work by a description.
The description, however, must be given, for it
is impossible for any man to form an accurate
conception of how any actions were performed
unless he have some knowledge of where they
took place. For instance, what might have
been done on Salisbury Plain could not be
enacted on top of one of the Pyramids of
Egypt; and therefore it is that I am obliged to
present a picture of the scene in which many
of the most important events about to be de-
tailed took place.

At the distance of about five-and-twenty
miles from Paris, which, in the days of which
I write was a long distance, but is now abbrevi-
ated to a mere span, there stood an old French
chateau.

It stands there still, for I have been in it, and
have visited with some strange feelings many,
though not all, of its various nooks and cor-
ners—spots where persons not unconnected
with me lived and enjoyed, died or suffered.
To call a French chateau, of any period after
the reign of Francis I., a building of any style
of architecture would be absolutely ridiculous.
The pepper-box style might be as appropriate
as any other name, and certainly might have
been applied to the building in question, which
consisted principally of numerous little towers
scattered about without much regularity and
joined together by flat, straight pieces of build-
ing of an older date apparently than the tur-
rets themselves. A good many similar old
buildings are still seen in Switzerland where
the heavy snows afford some reason for the
slated, foolscap looking, conical roofs with
which the various towers are surmounted. The
material is gray stone, the windows narrow
and small, the rooms spacious, and for the
most part floored with tiles, waxed, painted and
polished. On the lower floor were some fifteen
different chambers of various shapes and sizes,
from the oblong dining hall, with its enormous
fire-place, to the small cabinet richly ornament-
ed with arabesque and paintings of flowers in
the mode of about a century before. The out-
side of the house had somewhat of a gloomy
appearance; but enough light and sunshine
penetrated, even through those narrow win-
dows, to give a gay, dry and wholesome air to
the rooms within. The notes danced in the
slanting rays; and every hour saw a new pat-
tern drawn on the floor by the leopards shaped
panes of the lead casements. Around the
house extended what was called a park—very
different indeed from the English park, where
Nature is very little assisted by Art, but out-
side long alleys separated from each other by
screens of the yoke elm, and filled during the
spring and summer months with every variety
of singing bird.

Many of the winged wanderers from other
countries, the hoppe, the oriel, the woodcock,
the wild pigeon, the turtle dove, found refuge
among those shades; but from the moment
when, in early February, the thrush took his
stand on the naked top bough, and heralded
with his sweet carol the approach of warmer
days, till the robin closed the year with his
song amidst the snow, those long alleys and
deep glades were full of music, of nature's own
melodious making.

The house was not a very convenient one,
except in certain parts, where some architectu-
ral skill had been displayed—for instance,
where the grand staircase swept up in two
great masses with wide landings at the top,
showing a boldness of design and skill in ex-
ecution seldom met with in modern country
houses. The other parts of the dwelling were
strangely disjointed and irregular; and it some-
times happened that where two chambers were
actually contiguous it required a walk of near-
ly half round the house to reach the one from
the other.

The furniture of the house bespoke not
merely ease and wealth, but taste and refine-
ment. Each room had at least two or three
pictures in it, generally landscapes, though
there were some very fine figure pieces by Italian
artists; and here and there a little *esquisse* was
seen, with shelves displaying curious speci-
mens of art or relics of the olden time.

On the second floor, however, was a large gallery
filled with pictures and busts, and next to it a
small library. Beyond that was a large room
having somewhat the appearance of a chapel,
with several other chambers further on, and
staircases going up and down, heaven knows
where, for the ins and outs of that house were
innumerable.

Such was the scene in which many of the
events about to be recorded took place, and all
that remains to be said upon this part of my
subject is, that I have purposely abstained from
giving anything like a romantic time to the
description of a place which was, in reality,
only an old French chateau of the seventeenth
century, large, roomy, and incommensurate, but
peculiar and characteristic of the age.

CHAPTER II.

In the park, of which we have spoken in the
preceding chapter, and on the evening of a
summer's day in 164—, a lady and gentleman
in the prime of life walked slowly up and down,
conversing gravely but not eagerly, while ever
and anon he would pause for a moment, and
trace with the point of his sheathed sword
what seemed the plan of a town or a battle-
field. Two handsomer people have seldom

been seen; and Time had laid his hand lightly
on the head of either, though a gray hair here
and there marked that the passage of days had
not been without its effect. The lady's face
was beautifully fair, and not a line or wrinkle
showed the work of age; but the face of her
companion told tales of exposure and of strif-
e. There was a deep scar upon his right cheek,
and an indentation on his left brow, covered
over with a black patch, as if the wound
which had made it was barely healed. He was
active and vigorous, however, though some-
what spare in form; and his face had more the
expression of joy than cheerfulness; for, al-
though his eye lighted up when he looked
down upon the beautiful countenance of his
beloved wife, yet from time to time a look of
sad and earnest thought would come like the
shadow of a deep cloud upon him, and only
pass away when the musical tones of her sweet
voice sounded in his ear.

"Thank God, Edward," she said, "thank
God, though there is much to mourn, yet you
are safe with your wife and children again.—
You know, my beloved, that not for all the
happiness a world could give, would I have
withheld you from your duty to your King and
your country; but that duty has been done
well and nobly, and though it has pleased God
to frustrate your efforts, to disappoint your
hopes, ay, and even to imperil your fortune,
Heaven has restored you to me in safety; and
therefore let us give thanks for what is grant-
ed, and not murmur because something is re-
fused."

"God forbid, my Lucette!" said Sir Edward
Langdale; "but yet, if I am somewhat grave,
forgive me! I feel all the joy of my return, but
when I think of the state of my country and
my King, I cannot but feel bitter sorrow for
the past, and sad misgivings for the future.—
What a strange thing is fate! Buckley is gone,
and all that the best fortunes that could befall
had given me in England; but here, by strange
chances, more has been given than has been
taken away; and, with a new country, I have
found a better fate."

The words, though they were hopeful ones,
seemed to throw both the speaker and her
whom he addressed, into a fit of thought; and
they walked on towards the old chateau I have
described, without uttering a word for some
moments, but at length the lady said, muni-
gally,

"Barely, they will never kill the King!"

Her husband shook his head.
"I cannot tell, my Lucette," he said, "but
they have him totally in their power, and they
have slain so many of the best and noblest of
the land, that who shall say they will not carry
their iniquity a step further? It was not be-
lieved when I was in England; and, indeed,
the general people seemed to regard the very
idea with horror; but there are bold men
among them who may even desire to compro-
mise the rest beyond all return. They are af-
fecting to treat with the King even now; but I
cannot discover anything in their proceedings
indicative of sincerity. The monarchy is gone,
that is clear to me; and the life of his Majesty
is at the disposal of traitors. I have very little
hope, Lucette."

While they had been thus speaking, they
had advanced near enough to the chateau to
hear, through the open windows, some one
singing, in a very sweet voice, and apparently
with a great knowledge of music, as the so-
lence was understood in those days; and both
stopped to listen.

"Surely, that is not Lucy's voice," said the
gentleman, pausing; "if it be, it has fallen
several notes since I was here."

"That is a man's voice, I think," answered
Lucette. "It certainly is not Lucy. She can-
not sing so well as that."

And, hurrying their pace, they entered the
chateau. Proceeding straight forward past the
foot of the great staircase, they turned into a
room on the right, from which the sound seem-
ed to proceed. It was evidently used as a mu-
sic room; for various instruments of music
were scattered about, and several of the curi-
ous old music books of those days were lying
on tables, and even on chairs. Seated near
the window, which was open, was a young
man of about three-and-twenty years of age,
dressed with exceeding plainness, but with
very great taste. His garb was of that beau-
tiful and arrangement which we see so fre-
quently represented by the pencil of Vandeyck.
The collar, it is true, was of plain linen, as
were also the turned-up wristbands, but they
were cut into the most beautiful shapes, and
every line of the garments which he wore seem-
ed to flow into another with an easy grace
which made, as it were, the poetry of costume.
The cloth of the coat was not fine, nor was it,
as sometimes happened in that age, gaudy in
coloring; but every hue was so blended that,
to use what some people may consider contra-
dictory language, harmony was produced by
opposition.

One of the most wonderful things, among all
the wonderful anomalies of this anomalous
world, becomes apparent if we take a picture
of Vandeyck, put it by the side of one of the
horse-hair bowditch gentlemen of the reign of
Anne or George I., and compare them both, the
one with the other, and the two with a living
and moving human animal of the present day.
How the mind of man could ever go on in a
process of degradation such as to descend from
the admirable forms displayed by the pencil
of Vandeyck and many who preceded him, to
the stiff rigidity of John, Duke of Marlborough,
or William, Duke of Cumberland, is at first
sight perfectly inexplicable. But if my theory
be correct, and costume be the great exponent
of the character of the age, the change is easily

accounted for. The French seemed to have
felt this continually, but not to have defined
it. We have even given the name to certain
collars used in the time of the first French Re-
volution, of collar *a la guillotine*, from the fer-
ocity which they afforded for cutting a gentle-
man's head off without the trouble of unbuckling
them.

The young gentleman of whom we now speak
was dressed in the complete habiliments of a
cavalier of those times; but all exceedingly
plain—the leopards even were not wanting,
but hung down upon his shoulders in magni-
cent bunches of curls, while the shorter hair
over his forehead, by its natural wave, showed
that no art had been used to produce this ring-
lets at the side.

On his knee was lying a Venetian mandolin,
with which he had been accompanying his
voice; and his hand was still staying over the
strings when the master and mistress of the
manor entered.

As soon as he perceived them, he rose, alim-
ed almost delicate in form, took up his hat
from the ground, and advancing with a slight
degree of hesitation, said, in a low, sweet tone,
and in the English language,

"I presume I have the honor of seeing Sir
Edward Langdale."

"The same, sir," said the other. "May I
know whom I have the pleasure of welcoming
to my home—may I be asked?"

"This will explain, sir," said the young
stranger, producing a letter, and handing it to
him.

Sir Edward Langdale took it with a polite
but somewhat cold aspect, and seated himself,
again waving the stranger to a chair. It was
clear that the appearance of his visitor did
not impress him with any great feelings of
respect. His nature had been very much
softened since his youth; he had gained
gentleness of heart; the gentler, the fiercer
portions of his nature had obtained room and
nurture; his Lucette had been all to him,
and more than all that he had expected; and
the blooming boys and girls which had arisen
around his footsteps, had awakened and de-
veloped the sweetest, holiest, most beautiful
sympathies of our nature. But still Edward
Langdale, in manner at least, was not soft.

It is a curious fact, that those who are most truly
tender, can sometimes seem most hard; he
could sport with a child as if he were a child
himself; no true tale of sorrow met his ear in
vain; but the quick, sharp answer, the keen,
stern inquiry, prompt decision, and the steady
determined action afforded no previous promise
of the gentler and kinder treatment which was
sure to be produced by a worthy object. It is
another curious fact—that, in very many in-
stances, disposition must not call it nature,
is more frequently fundamentally affected by
external influences, especially in youth, than
more mature. The water hollows the stone,
which leaves hardly a trace upon the sand;
and I am inclined to go a little further than the
old axiom, that "habit is second nature," and
to believe that this second nature is of a harder
and firmer fabric than the first.

However that may be, all that could be said
of Sir Edward Langdale's manner was, that it
was coldly polite. There was no stateliness,
no affectation of dignity, but there was no
warmth—none of what the French call *effu-
sion*. The young stranger appeared, however,
not the least abashed, he seemed to expect no
more, but seating himself with a very graceful
inclination of the head to Lady Langdale, who
was quitting the room, he waited in a still and
easy position, while her husband read the let-
ter brought to him.

What was in that letter will appear presen-
tly; but its immediate effect upon Sir Edward
was strange. The Cavalier rose from his chair,
fixed his eyes upon the ground, not sternly but
thoughtfully, and walked up and down the
room two or three times without a word.
Then suddenly stopping with a sort of start
before the young stranger, he held out his
hand to him, saying,

"Excuse me, sir, I am glad to see you,
though I may have seemed somewhat rude;
but this letter proposes to me matters which I
have never contemplated, and which must not
be refused, in the circumstances which sur-
round you. This is a very quiet home, sir,
a home of domestic tranquillity and affection,
into which we have made it a point to let the
world at large intrude itself but seldom. My
wife, full of high accomplishments, and happy
in the task, can bestow upon my daughter
such an education as no girl can receive but
from her mother. Of my boys, one is too
young for all but rudimentary teaching; the
other receives his education partly from my-
self, partly from the old man who dwells in
that small house you see from the window.
His military exercises have lately been greatly
interrupted, I am sorry to say, by my absence
from France in the unfortunate cause of a be-
loved Monarch. Young as he was, I would
have taken him with me; but I have no right
to deprive a wife, who was every day likely to
lose her husband, of a stay which might be
most needful to her."

"There have been laid as young, as beloved,
as precious," said the young stranger, in a
grave but gentle tone, "who have fought in
the same fields where you have fought, Sir
Edward, and shared the same reverses which
you have suffered. But I know," he con-
tinued, hastily, seeing a slight flush come upon
Sir Edward Langdale's cheek, and his lip quiver
as if for a reply, "but I know, at least I have
been told, that you are peculiarly situated,
that your lady is a French woman, her estate
is greatly depending on the male heir, and the
devotion of your own life and service to his

cause, was all that your monarch could desire,
more, perhaps, than he could expect."

Edward Langdale eyed him from head to
foot, with a thoughtful and almost an inqui-
ring look.

"You seem well acquainted with these mat-
ters, sir," he said, "and it is probable from
the contents of the letter you brought me, that
some of your friends, if not yourself, have
served his majesty."

"My friends and my relations, both, have
tried to serve him," answered the young man;
"but we all know they have had little suc-
cess. Indeed those who try hardest, after their
own fashion, generally meet with the least suc-
cess, unless they will be convinced that a man
who can see two miles, has a wider view than
a man who can only see one."

"If I understand you rightly," answered his
companion, "you would imply that the King's
best friends have not always been his most
obedient subjects, his most faithful officers,
somewhat insubordinate soldiers. This is the
fertile source of great disaster, sir, and I
heartily agree with you. My own rule has been
to obey the orders I receive when they were
given to me by my superior in command, and
to follow my own judgment only, when there was
no one present who had a right to command
me. But let us talk of other things. I find
that you are a skillful musician."

The young gentleman smiled.

"A part of my life was passed in Italy, Sir
Edward," he said, "the land of music, and in-
deed of all the arts; and it was not to be ex-
pected that my constitution could resist the in-
fection."

"I did not know that art was a disease,"
said Sir Edward Langdale, "although, to say
the truth, being master of no art myself, I am
no great judge in such matters."

"I should judge the contrary," said the young
man, pointing to some beautiful small pictures
on the walls. That group of children must be
from the hand of Albano; and that *Usciano* is
a masterpiece. They were never chosen by
one who has no knowledge of art."

"I have some finer than those," replied Sir
Edward Langdale, warming with a subject of
which he was fond. "I will show them to you
by-and-by; but in the meantime, all I can
say, in answer to this letter is, that I shall be
happy to give you such protection and assis-
tance as I can afford. In regard to my receiv-
ing you as tutor to my two younger children,
as his Royal Highness Prince James requests,
methinks it is a situation inferior to your
abilities and your education; might I not also
say to your birth?"

"I aspire to nothing higher," replied the
young gentleman; and then added, "It often
happens, Sir Edward, that persons not humbly
born, by accidental circumstances become pro-
ficient in many branches of learning, which
others, apparently more favorably situated,
never acquire at all. The necessity of laboring
for one's bread, for instance—looked upon by
the world in general as a great misfortune—is
sometimes on the contrary, the greatest of
blessings. It gives health and strength to body
and to mind. It fosters and directs a just am-
bition, and it teaches a man to respect himself
by giving him a knowledge of the powers within
him. I am very poor, as probably the Duke
has told you; but that is not my fault. It may
be my fault, if I remain so; and therefore I am
resolved, even at my early age, to commence
that honest exertion which is likely to be my
course through life."

Sir Edward Langdale, as is very customary
with men of his peculiar temperament, had the
habit, when somewhat puzzled or desirous to
think deeply, to rise suddenly and walk up and
down the chamber or any other place where he
might be at the time. He now took some ten
or twelve turns before he made any answer,
and then merely replied, "Well, sir, well, it
shall be as you desire. A room shall be pro-
vided for you immediately. There are plenty in
this house."

"So I perceive," said the young man, dryly.
"To-morrow the children shall begin their
studies," said Sir Edward; "and now let us
transact the business part of the affair, and see
what you require as compensation for the trou-
ble you are going to undertake."

A conversation of five minutes settled all that
referred to salary, and then calling for a ser-
vant, the master of the house led his young
companion to a room on the lower story of the
left wing, to which he ordered the good old
man "Pierrot" to bring the stranger's baggage.

"What am I to do with the horse, sir?" de-
manded Pierrot.

"Put him in the stable, of course," replied
his master, and Pierrot retired and shut the
door; but when, at the end of some five min-
utes, Sir Edward came out, leaving the young
man behind him, he found his old follower
still standing in the passage.

"His baggage is small enough," said Pierrot,
stepping up to his master with an air of mys-
tery. "Only two saddle-bags."

"Well, Pierrot, when you first knew me, I
had not much more."

"But the horse, the horse!" exclaimed Pier-
rot; "it is as fine a charger as was ever crossed
by man."

CHAPTER III.

A few days, a few hours, often comprises all
that really merits the name of a man's life-
time; and then again there are pauses of
months, perhaps years, in which little is done,
said or thought which deserves even the record
of memory. But there are periods which,
without any apparent action, prepare the way

for more important things. I want not call
them *interim* periods; for they are no *interim*
at all, no *interim* without the agitation of
feeling and the energy of deed, that they are
often forgotten afterwards, and the *interim* of
man fails to perceive how they are wrought
upon his future life.

One of these periods succeeded the few little
incidents we have just noticed in the chateau
of Belays. All matters went on as they had
done before. The young stranger's arrival and
admission into the family had made hardly a
perceptible change; and his time was so taken
up with the instructions he had undertaken to
give, and with private studies of his own, that
he saw little of the lord and lady of the man-
sion except during the hours of meals.

Let us, however, give a picture of the family
circle round the board on one of these oc-
casions, as some of the personages there gathered
together will have to appear upon the scene
again hereafter.

With Sir Edward Langdale the reader is al-
ready acquainted, and also with his sweet wife,
Lucette, hardly less lovely, though with a dif-
ferent sort of loveliness, than when she fled
from Rochelle with him who is now her hus-
band. In addition to these were the eldest
daughter and the eldest son of the house—the
first a young girl of some seventeen years of
age, very like her mother in feature and ex-
pression, but with her father's dark hair and
long black eyelashes. The eldest son was a
fine lad of about sixteen, fair as his mother,
and remarkably handsome, but with a some-
what delicate look and slender form. He was
too tall, perhaps, for his age; and Sir Edward
would sometimes gaze at him with a feeling of
anxiety regarding his future health, while his
mother's heart would sink at what she thought
the signs of premature decay. Besides these
two, were two other very and robust children
of nine and ten years of age, whom we may not
pause to describe, as we must hurry on to more
active scenes.

The seventh person at that table was the
young stranger, to whom we must now give a
name, and it had better be that by which he was
known in the family, namely, "Master Bernard
March." With the two younger children, to-
wards whom he now acted in the capacity of
tutor, he had rapidly ingratiated himself; and
they would cling to him with almost brotherly
affection whenever he bestowed upon them a
few minutes out of the hour of study. This
was rare, however, for he did not show himself
disposed to mingle much with the family, re-
siding commonly in his own chamber as soon as
the lessons were over, and taking little or no
exercise except during one hour of the autom-
nal evenings, when he would seek out one of
the most solitary alleys of the park, and there
pace up and down, apparently buried in deep
thought. Sometimes, at the dinner-table, he
would converse fluently with Sir Edward Lang-
dale upon literature and art, and with young
Henry Langdale he would jest gaily; but with
Lady Langdale and her eldest daughter his con-
versation was confined to a few words of com-
mon courtesy when they met and when they
parted. Indeed, to say sooth, the fair Lucy
might have felt a little piqued with his utter
indifference to her beauty, her grace and her
accomplishments, had she not been educated
in so much seclusion that she was ignorant
and innocent of all the various arts and co-
quetry of the day. As it was, she thought him
a very common place young man, handsome,
beyond doubt, and learned, but very cold and
somewhat shy. Lady Langdale might see a
little deeper—and Sir Edward Langdale cer-
tainly did, for he had made the young man's
character a study from the first moment he had
entered the family, and thought he perceived
underneath his cold manner traits very differ-
ent from those which appeared upon the sur-
face. At first, indeed, he had been induced to
think him a little frivolous—to judge that his
taste for the arts, and especially for music, had
softened him and rendered him effeminate; but
every now and then, across his ordinarily calm
demeanor, came a flash of vigorous thought
which spoke a mind of no small power and
energy.

It may be remembered that when the young
gentleman first appeared at the chateau he had
a four-footed friend with him, which Pierrot
la Grange had pronounced as fine a charger as
ever man bred; but Master Bernard never
mounted him, though he would often walk
into the stable, pat his neck, and rub his hand
gently over two curious looking scars, one on
each of the good beast's fore legs. The horse
seemed very fond of him, however, and the
moment his foot sounded in the stable, the
ears would be raised, and the head turned, and
a short neigh of pleasure would welcome his
young master.

It is a very dangerous thing in this good
world in which we live to have any small pec-
uliarities. Great eccentricities—odds of a
remarkable character, as some old authors
said, "set us in our easy chair for life," but
beware of anything that smacks of mystery. It
acts that blind and stupid, but staunch and
persevering dog, Curiosity, yelping at your
heels: it is the scent of the deer upon the
grass, and were you the pet fawn of the hound's
master, that same dog would have his fangs
upon your flank before he gave over the chase. Now
Master Bernard afforded matter for much spec-
ulation in the chateau of Belays. His quiet
and solitary habits, his accomplishments—for
even the servants soon found out he was highly
accomplished—made him the object of com-
ment and observation; and then there was that
wonderful fact that nobody knew who he was,
or whence he came. I refer of course to the
domestic and realists of the house; but even

Sir Edward Langdale himself was not without a certain degree of—what shall I call it? Not exactly, for it had some of the vulgar portion of that very vulgar propensity; but of passion. He never inquired why the young man did this or that, what were the motives for his absenting himself continually from the family circle when he was treated with kindness and courtesy; he asked no questions as to the past, the present or the future; but he did wonder at such that he saw, and would have been glad of further explanations. It is true that he had received a letter by the young man's hands from the second son of his sovereign, which might well represent anything like indignant curiosity; and these were events also taking place in France which—though he was resolved to take no share in them—excited much of his attention; but he remarked with regret that his new companion neglected all beautiful exercises, that the cheek became paler, the eyes more anxious, and that the cheer heard occasionally from the little chamber in the left wing was less frequent, and generally of a more melancholy tone. A feeling of undefined sympathy took possession of him, and, whereas at first he felt that sort of superiority which breeds contempt, often experienced by men of action and energy for men of thought and fancy, he began to acquire an interest in the young man nearly allied to friendship.

One day towards the end of September, on a bright and beautiful morning, the whole party were just concluding their breakfast, when Sir Edward suddenly burst forth with the words, "Children, this is a remarkable day in my life, and we will have a holiday. Master Bernard, you want more exercise; come out and join us in a long ride, for we are going through the forest to the table of stone, where our ancient Kings of France used sometimes to hold their *conseils*; and there we will have our dinner and fancy ourselves as good as *Poor or Palatin*."

The young gentleman looked down for an instant and thought; and then replied, "Well, sir, I am at your command; I presume that the party will be small, for, to say truth, I am not much fitted for society."

"None but ourselves," replied Sir Edward; and then he added, in rather a significant tone, "there is no chance of our meeting any one; for I imagine that since the days of Childbebert, not ten persons have passed along that road in four-and-twenty hours. What horse will you ride?"

"My own, sir," replied the young man. "He has not been out for weeks," replied Sir Edward, "and it might be well to have him exercise before you ride him."

The young man smiled slightly, saying, "He knows me well, sir, and is not vicious." In little more than an hour, horses for all the party were before the gates. Lady Langdale and her daughter were speedily mounted, and Sir Edward and the lady had their feet in the stirrups; but the fine bay charger of Master Bernard was fretting and prancing in the hands of two grooms, who could hardly restrain him, now pawing the ground, now rearing, as if the fiery spirit long unexercised could hardly be restrained. The young man approached his steed, while the eye of Sir Edward Langdale, as that of an experienced cavalier, was fixed upon him, perhaps in some doubt, perhaps with a little anxiety. But there was only one word and one movement.

"Stand!" and with one vault, without ever touching the stirrup, Bernard March was in the saddle, and as erect as a statue. The horse dashed forward as if to get before all the rest; but after one wild shake of the head and tug at the bridle, he was completely under command, and as gentle as a lamb.

The ride was a very beautiful one of some eight or ten miles in length, through a country which could not be called hilly, but which undulated and varied at every step, now passing through rich vineyards and fields, now cutting across one of those little woods which diversify that part of France, now rising a gentle eminence from which a wide extending view of the surrounding scenery might be obtained, now sinking into a deep dell, along the bottom of which ran a clear and sparkling stream. During the first part of the way, the aspect of all things was cheerful and lively. The peasantry were working in the fields, and cheering their labors with a song; the trees were full of birds making the air melodious with the last carols of the year, and the large and beautiful butterflies were still abroad, ending their brief existence in the sobered sunshine of the early autumn.

Every passion is infectious, or rather there is that natural tendency to sympathy in the mind of man, that sixty centuries of crime and suffering have not been able to extinguish the feeling of brotherhood with all things which God implanted originally in the human heart. To laugh with those who laugh, to weep with those who weep, is the natural tendency of every one; and we are inclined to take part in all that is joyous; if it be but the happiness of beasts that perish, or the gay aspect of even an inanimate scene. The mind is as it were a mirror reflecting the objects around it, and taking from all a coloring not its own. The whole party became merry, and even Master Bernard himself shook off the reserve and gravity of his ordinary demeanor, and laughed and chatted with a cheerful countenance and an open heart.

At the end of five or six miles, however, the road descended, slowly and gradually showing a wide some of undulating forest ground beyond. The rows of tall walnut trees which had hitherto bordered the path on either side became broken, and then ceased; the cultivated fields ended, the house of the farmer and the cabin of the laborer disappeared, great oaks and horse chestnuts took the place of the fruit tree and the vine, till suddenly taking a sharp turn and an abrupt descent, the whole party found themselves in the forest of Bourg, near the spot where a forester's cottage stood, with a large clear well of beautiful water by its side. The old man himself was sitting at his door, carrying a sundial on a stick, and whistling sweetly some long forgotten tune, taking hardly any notice of the cavalcade, whose horses' feet he must have heard. The whole party, however, stopped to let their beasts drink, and Sir Edward Langdale rode up to the old man, saying,

"Why, Robin, you seem to have forgotten me!" The forester started up the moment he heard his voice, exclaiming, "God bless me, monseigneur!—everybody was so surprised with the peasantry in those days—why, I thought that you were in the reign last, fighting for the good King of England. Some one told me so, I am sure, and I have not seen you for this two years."

"I have come back, good Robin," said Sir Edward, "and trust to spend some peaceful days with you yet; but what makes you look grave and desponding, good man? You were hanging down your head when we came up, as if you were resolved not to see me."

"The times are bad, sir," said Robin, "and many a person passes by here nowadays whom it is not safe to see. Why, it is not three hours since there was a whole party of them killed one of the King's deer within sight of the cottage door. They would not have dared to do that in the old King's reign, when the great Cardinal was living. But I can do nothing now to stop them. In those times I could bring up ten men with the least of a horn; but the men get no pay, so they went away under this new Cardinal and this little boy."

"Well, we have not come to hunt the King's deer," replied Sir Edward; "but merely to take our dinner at the *Table de Pierre*. It is all safe up there, I suppose."

"Oh, ay," replied the forester, "the rogues have been gone a couple of hours, each man carrying a bloody quarter behind him, and they are not likely to come back very soon; besides you have plenty of people with you."

Now the plenty of people of whom good Robin spoke, consisted only of Sir Edward Langdale and his son, Master Bernard March, two mounted grooms, and a third leading a pack horse for the conveyance of their provisions; these, together with the ladies and the younger children, formed a tolerably large cavalcade; but no one felt any fear, and the news that there were some rogues in the forest did not startle any one. Indeed, some years before, there would have been no need of alarm; but times were a good deal changed since Sir Edward Langdale had last left the shores of France for England. The feeble, cunning, but successful rule of Cardinal Mazarin, had brought about great disorders in the country; the civil wars of the Fronde had begun, and many parts of the land, as well as the immediate neighborhood of the court, were greatly disturbed both by the contending factions, and by that general license which is sure to follow ill established power. What the poet calls "the ancient rule—the good old plan" was very largely adopted; and the strong hand, I fear, was sometimes too often felt in various parts of France.

However, Sir Edward and his party rode gaily on, forgetting in a few minutes all about the gentlemen who had been helping themselves to the King's venison, and talking about the magnitude of the old oaks (some of which they stopped to measure); the beauty of the sparkling stream, which they crossed at least a dozen times; and the loveliness of the scene in general, whether in those deep misty glades where the eye could hardly penetrate, or the ever dancing light and shade which streamed through the leaves and branches, chequering their path as with a curiously varied pavement. At the end of about two miles, or two miles and a half, a little, even lawn in the very heart of the wood opened before them; and there, shaded by the long branches, stood the table of stone, a long, flat slab, some sixteen feet in length, by perhaps eight in width, supported by four smaller stones at the four corners. Perhaps it was a druidical monument originally; but tradition said that those the feudal lords of the soil, and even the Kings of France themselves, had held their *conseils* there, and judged their subjects, or revelled with their vassals. The meal upon the present occasion was destined probably to be a more moderate one than those old times had seen; but yet it was plentiful and gay; and care and thought, and probably memory and regret, were for the time forgotten. With that common revulsion of feeling which so frequently drives men into excess, the gayest perhaps of the whole party was the thoughtful and somewhat gloomy Master Bernard March. He laughed, he jested, he talked gaily with Lady Langdale and Lucy; he gathered the wild autumn flowers with the boys, and ran after the gaudy butterflies. He seemed almost a child himself, and probably in the midst of a sad and laborious life, he was determined to have one day at least of bright and unmingled enjoyment.

Thus ran by the hours till towards four o'clock, with the servants sitting around and enjoying themselves as much as their masters, when Sir Edward Langdale thought that it was nearly time to return to the chateau. Then, as they lingered for a few minutes, Lady Langdale asked Master Bernard if he would not give them a parting song. They knew he could sing beautifully, she said, for they had heard him accidentally more than once. He answered with a smile, that perhaps he sang better when he did not know that any one was listening to him. He complied, however, at once, without affectation, singing somewhat after the following manner:

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

I.
Where is the love o'er childhood's slumber bend-
ing,
While drops the tear from the maternal eye,
Prophetic fear with heaven-born hope still blend-
ing,
Chastening proud pleasure with the timid sigh,
Where is the love?

II.
Where is the love, more warm but less enduring,
That twines youth's brow with curls of down,
While hope stands by, deluded hearts assuring
A long expanse of bright and sunny hours,
Where is the love?

III.
Where is that love, while sad and mangled lying,
On the dark battle-field my limbs are cast,
And my crushed heart for long gone moments
sighing,
Turns faintly back unto the happy past,
Where is the love?

IV.
Where is that love? Is Heaven, with those who
love it,
Who long have left me on this earth alone,
Sweet spirits! in your blessed mansions share it,
For I am coming quick to claim mine own;
There is that love.

The voice was exquisitely sweet, the measure was perfect, so far as the measure of music had advanced in that day; and some hung upon the song more profoundly occupied than Lucy Langdale, whose ear and taste were as fine and delicate as those of her mother.

Sir Edward, moved as he always was by music, sat with his eyes fixed upon the table of stone, while the servants were removing the various implements which had been used at their simple dinner, when suddenly a slight cry from Lady Langdale, and the touch of her hand upon his arm, made him raise his eyes. The first sight he saw was the gleam of some half-dozen carbines pointed at his party from amongst the trees just opposite, and before he had time to draw his sword, a number of men from behind him had rushed down and were pinning his arms with the horses' bridles. The gentlemen with the carbines then came down from the opposite side, with no very formidable gestures, for they were shouting with laughter, but in sufficient numbers to make all opposition fruitless. A scene of confusion and dismay followed, which can hardly be described. The strangers were for the most part masked or otherwise disguised, and it was difficult to discover either by their apparel or their manner whether the attack had been made by a party of marauders, or whether the whole affair was merely a bad joke. They laughed, they jested, according to the light spirit of the times and the country; and certainly their language was curiously and, in some degree, artificially refined; but their garments were not a little tattered, and they made no scruple of tying the servants, who had been overpowered in a moment, or of bestowing two or three good buffets upon *Pierrot La Grange*, who was the only person that offered anything like serious resistance.

"We hope you have dined well, sir," said a gentleman with a blue scarf, addressing Sir Edward Langdale, with a low and ceremonious bow. "We would not have interrupted you at your meal, seeing that we ourselves are as full of good venison as we can hold, but we are exceedingly thirsty, having had nothing to drink but a small quantity of a pure and doubtless very salubrious beverage, called water, which is a drink that none of us are much accustomed to. You will invite us I know to partake of your wine, and therefore, without waiting for ceremony, we will help ourselves;" and thus saying, he filled up a brimming glass full from some bottles that were still on the table, and was followed by most of his companions.

"Madame, be not the least alarmed," said another, addressing Lady Langdale, "we are the most civilized people upon the face of the earth. We may perhaps have to dismember you of some of those worldly goods which sadly impede our poor humanity in the way to grace, but we know the charitable disposition of our friends so well that we do not doubt they will gladly contribute a small sum to help a body of poor gentlemen on their way home; for upon my life and soul I don't think amongst us all there is a crown piece to buy any one of us a new cravat."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Edward Langdale, "this bantering is all very well; but as we must also find our way home, you would oblige me if you would come to the point. You have us in your power, and presuming that it is our money that you seek, I would willingly give you my purse if I could put my hand into my pocket. If you choose, however, to unloose me you shall have it, as resistance is quite in vain with such a disparity of numbers."

"Of course it is, Sir Edward," said the personage in the blue scarf, "but the fact is we want to raise a loan, much in the same way that our ancient monarchs used to do, by very gentle compulsion. Your hands, therefore, shall be untied, though we could help ourselves for that matter; but in truth we shall require our bridles. Therefore, have the kindness politely and civilly to put down your purse upon the table. Jean, untie the good knight's arms."

"With infinite pleasure, monseigneur," replied the man whom he addressed, and the leather strap was immediately taken from Sir Edward's arms. While the marauders, or whoever they were, were thickly mingling with Sir Edward's party, paying courtly compliments to Lady Langdale, uttered with every external sign of courtesy, yet in a somewhat jesting tone, Sir Edward took his purse from his pocket and laid it gravely on the table, saying, "help yourselves, gentlemen."

The man in the blue scarf deliberately poured out the money and counted it. "Only a hundred and ten crowns," he said; "is that all? that will not make ten crowns a head to us."

"All I have, upon my word," replied Sir Edward, "I would fain borrow that diamond ring upon your finger," rejoined the stranger. "The brilliants are large and apparently of a very fine water."

"You must take it if you will, sir," said Sir Edward, in a very grave tone, "but you might nearly as well take my life. That ring was given me by my King, on the night after a successful battle; and I thought to have carried it with me to my grave."

"Nevertheless, I must borrow it, sir," replied the stranger, "at least for a time, and although you may think I am joking, I will add this much. It shall be returned to you perfectly safe within a few weeks, if I live." He spoke in a grave and more courteous tone, and Sir Edward Langdale immediately took the ring from his finger and laid it on the table beside the money. Of course a great deal of noise and confusion had been going on in the little arena where the conversation had taken place, but we must recollect that those were days in which events were not extraordinary that would now seem extravagant. The wars of the great rebellion in England produced not a few of those strange doings; but still more were enacted in France during the wars of the *Fronde*, which were then perhaps at their height. This levity supplied the place of earnestness;

religion was not even a pretence, and every conceivable sort of wildness and capriciousness was displayed by every party. These men's minds were habituated to scenes and circumstances which at other times would have produced surprise and consternation; and very little astonishment was felt at anything that was strange and daring from whatever quarter it came.

Nevertheless, all was confusion, as may well be supposed, when a body of some thirteen or fourteen armed men intruded themselves with such doubtful intentions upon a little social party like that of Sir Edward Langdale's. Each one was separated from the other; the only one who had his hands free on the one side was Sir Edward himself, and seven or eight men with carbines in their hands kept the others apart, under that moral compulsion which proceeds from powder and ball, and others were continually passing backwards and forwards, giving orders, bringing up horses, and storing up silver goblets and other convertible articles in hawthorn and such receptacles.

A space of perhaps less than ten minutes concluded the whole; and then the gentleman in the blue scarf raised his hat with the air of a prince, saying, "Sir Edward, we are sorry to be obliged to put you under some degree of compulsion, but as you are aware, necessity has no law. We leave you at liberty in five minutes to untie your companions. I need hardly tell you that with your force and ours, and with the distance between you and your resources which exists, any attempt at pursuit would be in vain. You will hear from me again, when anything that now seems wrong will be made right. Mount, gentlemen, mount! never mind your curb reins; you can ride for once upon the snaffle."

Thus saying he flung himself upon a very fine horse that stood by, and galloped away at the head of his party.

It must not be said that Sir Edward Langdale waited the five minutes prescribed ere he proceeded to unloose every one of the party; and then with an air of anxiety, and even trepidation, which was unusual with him, ran his eye rapidly from face to face, exclaiming, in a tone difficult to describe, "Where is Lucy—where is Lucy?"

Every one looked around; and then it was found that two of the party were missing. Lucy Langdale and Master Bernard March were no longer amongst them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$3 a year in advance—sent in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For \$5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent on one direction for one year.

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THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admir- able medium for advertisements, owing to its great cir- culation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. F. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,
author of *Richelieu*, *Grace Greenwood*,
Old Dominion, &c. Florence Percy,
T. S. Arthur, Martha Russell,
Emma Alice Browne, Mrs. M. A. Denison,
author of "Letters from Paris," &c. &c.
from Paris, &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCK, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c., giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who write expressly for our columns, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. F. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novel the sum of

\$1,880.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES BY MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELIST BY T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.,
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POEMS FROM FLORENCE PERCY.
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In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful

Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a mass of interesting material to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE CAVALIER.

We commence in the present paper, this historical romance, by the celebrated author, Mr. G. F. R. James—it having been delayed so far by causes beyond our control.

The opening chapters, it will be seen, give promise of a very fine story. Mr. James's style is calm, but graphic and vigorous. He is not one of those writers who give you the idea that they are perpetually suffering under a fit of delirium tremens. A distinguished author once remarked of writers of the jerky, unnatural, spasmodic school, that it did not prove a man was strong, because, when he went into convulsions, it took ten men to hold him.

Persons of little intellectual culture are apt to be imposed upon by the convulsive, delirium tremens style alluded to—but such writings, however they may obtain a transient popularity, cannot stand the ordeal of time. The books which endure, the Robinson Crusoes, the Vicar of Wakefield, the novels of Scott, the novels of Cooper, &c., &c., are all eminently free from the spasmodic and vicious extravagances of style and manner that we have alluded to. Their strength is calm, serene and healthy, not convulsive, troubled or dyspeptic. And so it is with Mr. James's productions—which have received warm commendations from the highest critics. He does not tear either his style or his passion to tatters—he does not rejoice in extravagances of diction, or monstrosities of character. He interests by the simple and natural portraiture of exciting scenes, and heroic and beautiful personages. He sympathizes not with vice and impurity, but with all that is noble, lovely and of good repute. And his works, therefore, without unpleasantly intruding any moral upon the reader, teach lessons of endurance, faith, purity, probity and heroic fortitude of self. For these reasons—for the healthy and vigorous and heroic spirit which breathes alike in his style and his subjects, the works of Mr. James occupy a place in the libraries of every land where the English language is spoken, by the side of those of Scott and of Cooper; and their circulation in the homes of the people has been by the hundreds of thousands.

A FEW BRIEF WORDS.

Upon the subject of the late melancholy affair at Washington, we have, up to this time, said nothing—not feeling called upon to say anything. We now, however, may be allowed to express our surprise at the comments of certain journals—some of them of a professedly religious character—thereupon. Where all parties appear to have lived a rather "free-lance" life, we confess we can see but little justification for the course of any, though we may be more inclined to palliate the guilt of the husband than of either of the others. But he, it seems to us, should be "without guilt," who presumes, in such a case, not only "to cast the first stone," but to assume the offices of all, judge, jury, and executioner.

If, as some of our contemporaries assert, an injured husband holds the power of life or death in his hands—how is it to be, in this woman's rights era, with injured wives? Are they, too, to be at liberty to slaughter their offending husbands, or the sirens who have tempted them, wherever they can find them? If the principle of retaliation be once established by public opinion, so as to override what is universally admitted to be the law, as enacted by the wisdom of our fathers, will it not sweep down a large number of its most strenuous supporters? It is a two-edged sword, remember, and cuts both ways.

Our witty contemporary, the N. Y. *Freeman*, hits off a certain class of commentators upon this terrible affair, to the very life. Its ire seems to be especially directed against a certain back-sliding class of clerical gentlemen—but of course includes a much greater number who are not clerical. It pictures a conversation between "Two Gentlemen in Black"—one, from his wings and tall, evidently Old Nick; the other a "Reverend" of the *irreverend* stamp. The following is the conversation:—

Reverend Gentleman.—"Well, brother, what do you think of this terrible affair at Washington?"

Oldnick.—"Perfectly right. I would have done the same myself."
Rev. Gent.—"The same as which?"
Oldnick.—"Either."

Rev. Gent.—"So would I."
If a contemplation of the melancholy affair in question, should have an effect—not so much to strengthen men in a resolution to avenge a similar wrong in blood—as to create in them a determination to live themselves open, virtuous and honest lives, curbing fiery passions of all kinds with an iron will, then will the political and social disgrace of the thing, not be without its compensations. But, so far, the thoughts of men, judging by the articles in the newspapers, seem to have been dwelling too much upon the idea of vengeance, and too little upon that of purity—too much upon the right of avenging their wrong, and too little upon the need of doing no wrong themselves.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR RICHES AND THE SAFE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL; OR, A THROUWING CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is certainly an attractive title, and the volume that bears it, has at least the merit of setting one to reflect how he can make or better his fortune. A shrewd and active mind, we should think, could hardly read this book without getting some valuable hint or idea which would in time yield money. The chances for profit in Stock Raising, in Stock Jobbing, in Planting, Shipping Goods, Manufacturing, Selling Inventions, and a number of other occupations, are clearly stated, and a great many useful receipts for making saleable articles, are appended. The lively and agreeable style in which the book is written, makes it, at all events, pleasant reading.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 96, and children 100.

Prejudice is as a thick fog, through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

THE SEVENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons will be held at the Musical Fund Hall in this city on Tuesday evening, March 19th. His Honor the Mayor will preside, and addresses will be delivered by the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley and the Rev. A. A. Willits. An institution so wise and benevolent merits public countenance and support, and we hope the attendance at the anniversary may be large. The high reputation of the speakers, however, will no doubt secure a full house.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

CONTRIBUTORS. For everything that is really remarkable we contrive to find room; but we receive a great many articles, especially poetical ones, which may appear or not, according to circumstances. We cannot publish all that would do to publish, simply because our space is not illimitable. If a writer, however, can write that—poetry or poetry—which takes position in the very first class of excellence, he or she may be assured that publishers will always find room for it. It is only the second class of articles—good, but not extraordinary—which may or may not be published, as space and opportunity favor.

J. L. Q. We know nothing of the Alpine strawberry—or where its seed can be procured.—If you would write to Landreth, or any other horticulturist, probably he could give the desired information. If it bears an autumnal crop, as you say—and would bear such in our autumns—it would be well worth an introduction to our gardens. The California strawberries begin bearing in the spring, and bear all through the summer, and into the autumn months; but that is probably owing more to the climate of California, than to any peculiarity in the strawberry.

N. S. There is a translation by Dryden—Write to one of the booksellers that advertise in THE POST, and they will inform you as to the price, and as to whether there are other translations. You say "The ——— does not begin to come up to THE POST in everything good." Of course, it does not. But there are many people that would like THE POST better if it were not so good. "Each to his taste," however, as the old woman said when she kissed her *denker*.

H. C. J. Yours is the first and only answer we have received—and it is the right one. The reason that he who loves Florence Percy will love her for herself alone, is because he will love Florence Percy (per se.)

BUILDERS. The small towers attached to city villas, &c., are called "campaniles," which is the Italian for a clock or bell-tower, *campana* being the Italian for bell. The word is pronounced in four syllables, cam-pa-ne-las, accent on the *ne*. In the rural districts adjacent to this city, there are a great number of them, though they never contain clocks or bells—though they often do better, a fine view being often obtained from them, and the number of pretty girls in and around Philadelphia, who are fond of sight-seeing, being absolutely immense. We may add to the above information, that *belles* are supposed to be thus named from the clatter and other bell-like music they make,—which led a witty person once to remark, upon hearing that a certain very silent young lady was "quite a belle," that if she were so, she was "a bell without a clapper."

MARY. Yes, that was a great proof of affection, but hardly equal to the following, which is simply according to the customs of a certain "barbarous" tribe. The intended bride brings the object of her youthful affections, a little water in a calabash, and kneeling before him, desires him to wash his hands. When he has done this, the young lady, with her eyes suffused with the tears of love and devotion, drinks the water—this being considered the greatest proof of her affection that could be given. Whether this is a trying ordeal, or otherwise, depends, we should think, upon the state of the gentleman's hands, and whether he uses any kind of soap.

"HAWK-EYE." Sharpness of sight is a good thing, but yet it is just as well often to be apparently a little blind. If a customer's son picks up an apple, &c., occasionally, you would do very foolishly "to charge it in the bill." It is very true that it argues a want of proper training at home on the part of the youngsters—but it would argue a rare degree of stupidity on your part to take notice of it. You would find that "a penny saved" in such a case, would be a dollar lost, instead of earned. We judge you are one of those storekeepers who are exceedingly careful not to wrong themselves in any transaction; and by such exceeding carefulness, miss making a good deal of money. Some men, it has been said, have made fortunes "by minding their own business"—but others also have lost fortunes by minding their own business too narrowly and closely. As we took occasion to tell a laughing shopkeeper the other day, who gracefully threw in a small amount in making change—when a reputation for generosity can be had at the expense of an occasional cent or two, it would be the height of folly not to make the investment.

F. A. T. To avoid becoming too fleshy is the easiest thing in the world. Probably you are now a gentleman of easy means, with just sufficient agricultural duties to attend to, to be pleasant and not overindulgent. Doubtless also you are good natured—for there is great truth in the old proverb, "laugh and grow fat." Now, as you doubtless possess a good intellect, and a fair amount of culture, suppose you offer to edit the village paper for a while. In your first editorial, open a personal and political controversy—if it be merely political to begin with, it will soon become personal—with the editor of the rival paper. In a short time, you will find your alarming tendency to obesity fully counteracted. And, in the course of a month or two, when your opponent has had time to impute not only all the sins in the Decalogue, but all the sins in the Dictionary, to you, your father, your grandfather, and to all your relatives, on both sides, and of both sexes, for three generations,—by that time, we say, you will probably begin to feel your clothes hang around you like four bags on a bean-pole, which will afford you sufficient room to carry an ample store of revolvers, bowie-knives, and such other editorial implements as you may find necessary. If the editor, however, is unwilling to yield his post for a time, he will doubtless allow you to try your hand at collecting his outstanding bills; and, if there is any flesh left on your bones at the end of three months of that work, we think your tendency to obesity can scarcely be counteracted except by getting into some social, legal, financial, or political scrape or other. In fact, there is nothing like a little trouble to take down and keep down the flesh—it is better than either fasting or vinegar.

YOUNG MAN. Do not stand upon your dignity, but do all your employer asks you to do, and a little more. It is in this way that young men rise in the world. Once get the idea into your punctilious head that so and so is your proper work,

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

Dear G. H.—You should be here at this time, to see a noble piece of statuary—the “*Eve Repentant*” of the late Edward S. Bartholomew—which is on exhibition at our Academy of Fine Arts by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. Harrison, for the benefit of the widowed mother of the artist.

I cannot say that I have looked upon this statue with impartial eyes—though I have tried to do so from the first. The sculptor was one of my most valued friends, in Rome. I sat to him for a crayon portrait, and knew him quite intimately. I have now a sad pride in remembering that I then saw in the poor young artist who had little to show in his unfringed studio, all the genius and fine poetic feeling which have since, but alas, too late, been recognized by the world.

Mr. Bartholomew was a singularly modest and sensitive man, and shrank from general society with a painful shyness—caused, I think, by some personal defects—the cruel results of the small-pox. He was a remarkably handsome and athletic young man, when he was struck down—he rose up a cripple, shattered, mangled, diseased. But the manhood of the spirit still stood erect and strong—the genius of the artist shone forth bravely above that dismal wreck of youthful beauty and strength.

He was a patient, courageous, chivalric soul. I knew him in the darkest, most discouraging season of his life in Rome, and I sometimes saw him sad and desponding, but I never heard him utter an unmanly complaint—never a word of bitter disparage of a more fortunate brother-artist. He struggled and suffered in silence—kept his cares, his despair, and perhaps his most daring hopes close prisoned in his own sad and earnest heart.

His ambition seemed to me of the noblest character. He wished to be a great artist, for the sake of art and his country. He never talked of fame, or money—only of ideals and aspirations;—of what he longed to do—what I could do, if the world would give him a chance—not what his efforts would bring him. He was a man of few, but warm and constant friendships. It was not easy to win his confidence and regard, but once won, there was no fear of their being capriciously withdrawn. He was a friend true and staunch—but his deepest and tenderest affection seemed given to his mother. Of her he often spoke with intense feeling—saying that the thought of her inspired and sustained him, in toil, sickness and manifold discouragements. I was deeply touched by reading, in an account of his last illness at Naples, that when a minister was called to his bedside, and he was asked if he desired him to pray—

“*Yes, pray for my poor mother,*” he said—thus proving that more than his own soul he loved her. There is something absolutely Christ-like in such a remembrance, at such an hour—and it is singularly characteristic of him. It seems to me peculiarly fitting that this the favorite and most perfect work of the sculptor, should be exhibited for the benefit of this beloved mother.

During the last year of the artist's life, the long delayed sunlight of prosperity began to descend in almost a Dansean shower. Fame came, and money enough to lift the long-borne burden of debt from his shoulders, just ere he died—and to drive from his death chamber the haunting phantoms of want and care. That was all. He had no time to realize his own success—to rest in delicious ease, after the weary struggle, and gather strength for greater things.

It is too hard! We may moralize and Christianize upon it as we will—it is too hard. Had he lived but a few years longer, and been freed from the necessity,—a hard one he often felt it—of wasting his power on portrait-busts of travel-

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE NEW CREATIONS.—A HATHORIAN ROOM.—STRAITS SHOWN BY THE WAY THE WIND BLOW.—A SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT.—A CURIOUS SUBJECT.—THE ARCHES BALATA.—FREDERICK IN FRANCE.—AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

Paris, February 10, 1869.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

As you will have seen by the last advice, the excitement in which the whole of Europe has been so anxiously participating for the last six weeks, is beginning to subside down under the combined effects of the Emperor's last speech, and of the strong manifestations of public opinion against the idea of a European war. Still, though the public mind is quieter, and funds are rising, it would be too much to assert that confidence is entirely restored. It is admitted on all hands that the danger exists; and that, unless diplomacy can contrive to disperse the elements of trouble, the storm, though delayed for a time, will burst at last. But the apprehension of an immediate outbreak having disappeared, it is hoped that peaceful measures will at once be resorted to; and, seeing how fearful would be the scenes of bloodshed and desolation that must follow an appeal to arms among nations armed to the teeth as are the various members of the European family, it can hardly be doubted that pacific councils will ultimately prevail.

The attitude of the English Parliament has doubtless done much to bring back a hope that war may be avoided; but much also of his turn in public sentiment is to be attributed to the speech of the Emperor Napoleon at the opening of the legislative session, on the 15th inst., in the magnificent new room, called the *Salle des Etats*, which has just been completed for that purpose in the new part of the Louvre. This noble hall is 168 feet long, 84 wide, and 58 high. It is lighted by 3 rows of windows, one above the other, the upper range being circular. A gallery, supported on gilt columns, runs round the greater part of it. At the upper end is a raised platform, reached by six steps, and on it the throne is placed. On a level with the platform is a tribune for the Emperor, the Imperial Princesses and their suites. The decorations of the hall will consist when finished, of paintings, gilding, and murals of various colors, the latter being at present initiated in painting. The ceiling is five compartments; in the centre is Civilisation, flanked by a cross surrounded by a halo, enlightening the world. At her sides are Justice and Force, with the Genius of Laws and Philosophy. France, under an eagle with outspread wings, sits on a throne; and near her are Abundance and Generosity. Other allegorical groups represent Algeria, the Genius of History, Prudence, Science, Benevolence, &c., with Joan of Arc, and other worthies fill the other compartments; and in equestrian statue of Charlemagne presides over one of the two principal entrances, while Napoleon I., with a group of veterans, mounts guard over the other.

On the day of the opening, the members of the ruling bodies, of the bar, the Institute, &c., were all congregated in this hall wearing their full uniforms; the Diplomatic Corps, and their wives being also present. The Emperor and Princess Clotilde were in bonnets and walking-dresses, and arrived by way of the long gallery, followed by their suites: the other ladies were in evening-dresses. The Emperor came in last, and having taken his seat on the throne, with the Imperial Princess on the other hand, the Grand Master, in grand uniform, and in a grandiose voice, desired everybody to be seated; after which his Majesty rose and read the speech whose impudent expressions of surprise at the panic created by himself are overlooked in the satisfaction which its pacific character has called forth. Every word which spoke of peace, and asserted its maintenance to be the aim of the Imperial Government, was enthusiastically cheered; and on its conclusion the Emperor and his family withdrew. It was noticed, with some surprise, and small pleasure, that the Princess Lucien and Joachim Murat (who, though cousins of the Emperor, were not included among the members of the family "holding rank at Court," and are consequently styled "Highness" only, not "Imperial Highness" as are Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon) were seated on this occasion on a line with the Emperor, and the "Imperial Princesses," instead of being left, as formerly, in the background. In the present excited state of the public mind, this symptom of a disposition to let the Murat family into a more conspicuous position, is regarded as showing that designs on Naples are probably not forgotten; and people shrug their shoulders and wonder whether because of a dangerous character for the public quiet are not still crossed by their autocratic master, despite the present lull in the political heavens. Precious result of the blind fury which, in its rage against the tares of the dithical wheat-field, has torn up tares and wheat together; and which, having left it void of the old landmarks as of the old abuses, has yielded the soil to the caprices of a self-proclaimed master! For it is impossible to question the power of the Emperor to plunge the country in an unwelcome war, should such be of good pleasure, and thus to drag all Europe into a conflict which every member of the European family, except perhaps Sardinia, most anxiously desires to avert. It is so far satisfactory that the public sentiment of France, notwithstanding the sarging system now in vogue here, has managed to give itself so effective an utterance; and that the Emperor, despite his seemingly uncontrolled supremacy, is yet felt himself compelled, by the very necessities of his position, to modify his course in accordance with the wishes of his subjects.

The arrival of Prince Napoleon and his bride, escorted through Paris by a grand display of troops, has been of course the signal for a good deal of gaiety. The newly-married pair drove once to the Tuilleries, where the Emperor attended them, and kissed the bride at the bottom of the grand staircase, the Empress meeting him kissing her at the top. After a short stay, during which all the officers and ladies of the Imperial Household were presented to the young Princess in the White Saloon, the pair proceeded to the Palais Royal, Prince Jerome's residence, and the headquarters of his son,

where the ex-King received his new daughter at the door of her carriage, embracing her most affectionately, and where a grand dinner was prepared in her honor. The young Princess has been so little seen as yet, that public opinion is still undecided on the momentous question of the amount of personal beauty possessed by her. The last ball at the Tuilleries would, it was thought, have settled that point, but unluckily for courtly and public curiosity, the Princess was too much fatigued to appear; and her husband was absent also. Perhaps he was at home enacting the part, so foreign to his habits, of a faithful and affectionate spouse. The Emperor being laid up with a touch of his habitual tormentor, rheumatic gout, the ball was a very dull affair; and every one went away with a feeling of having lost an evening.

While fears of coming trouble, and echoes of costly festivities have been keeping Paris on the qui vive, a certain M. Pouchet, well known here as a persevering investigator in the field of sciences, has been clarifying the ascendants by submitting to that learned body an account of certain experiments of his which he conceives to show that infusoria and cryptogamic vegetation are self-developed under certain circumstances. Having enclosed bits of hay, carefully dried in an oven, in glass phials hermetically sealed; M. Pouchet placed these phials in an oven heated to one hundred degrees of Reaumur, and left them there for several hours. The phials were then taken from the oven, and left in his laboratory. After a few days, minute fungi were perceptible upon the straws contained in them; and after the lapse of a few more days, infusoria made their appearance on these fungi. M. Milne Edwards and others have strongly opposed the conclusions of M. Pouchet, contending that the hay was probably damp, and contained germs of the infusoria and fungi subsequently developed; that it is impossible to prove the temperature attained by the hay in the phials; and that the phials were probably insufficiently stopped, and allowed air to enter the phials, thus carrying in the germs of the living organisms subsequently found in them. M. Pouchet has replied to these objections by disproving them, as he thinks; and offers to repeat his experiments in presence of all members of the body who will come to his laboratory. It is certainly a singular fact that, while his laboratory is full of other phials containing spores of an immense number of infusoria and germs of fungi of many different species, the insects and fungi developed in the sealed phials with the bits of hay are not only different from all those contained in the other phials, but are actually different from all as yet known, and constitute an entirely new species of their respective orders. The discussion of this interesting question has attracted much attention, and M. Mantegazza, of Milan, has just sent in to the Academy, a paper on "The Generation of Infusoria," containing an account of experiments made by him, and which would seem to confirm M. Pouchet's contested assertions as to their spontaneous production.

M. Serres has also communicated to a learned society called the "Club of the Scientific Press," certain facts relating to the *Adiantum bulbosum*, which are not without interest. This tree grows wild in Guiana, Martinique, and the other islands of the West Indies, where its wood is used for building. The juice of the bulbous, dried, forms a light, spongy, rose-colored mass, which crumbles when rubbed between the fingers. A cake of this substance, which has been recently received at the museum of Colonial Produce in this city, from the Governor of French Guiana, is covered with a matter resembling curdled milk, the outer pellicle of which has hardened under the action of the atmosphere. M. Serres having been requested to examine it, was at first disappointed at finding that although it could be moulded into various forms by the aid of hot water, it became brittle again when dry. But a more attentive examination showed him that this want of cohesion was owing to a peculiar fatty substance contained in the juice, and after several attempts he succeeded in purifying it. The substance thus obtained is more supple and elastic than gutta percha, but less able to resist traction. It softens at a higher temperature than the former, and does not become brittle at any temperature. M. Serres considers it preferable to gutta percha for moulding, and for the covering of telegraphic wires.

So busy and so sharp as are the French sermons in the investigation of natural science, it is not a little curious to meet with the instances, so constantly occurring, of superstition on the one hand, and of mental and moral servitude on the other. Take, for instance, a case which has recently been tried in the Correctional Police Court of Colmar. A certain Jacques Bessner, who is a pensioner in the asylum of that place, and turns, moreover, an honest penny by acting as porter or messenger when he gets the chance of so doing, having lent to a friend of his, a shoemaker, named Cornille, a tract entitled "The Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures on the Worship of Mary," and the tract in question being against this worship, the luckless pensioner was summoned before the Court to answer to the charge of "peddling books without a license," which certainly would never have been brought against him, had the tract not been unsuitable to the priests. The counsel for the accused urged in vain that the law which requires all books or printed tracts to be stamped with the official imprimatur before sale, is only applicable to those who hawk these objects about for sale, and not to those who merely lend them, as was the case in this instance; but evidently just as was this plea, the Court overruled it, and Jacques Bessner, who had merely lent the tract to his friend, was actually fined fifty francs and costs. An appeal has, however, been entered against this monstrous decision, which would assimilate a friendly and social act (the mere lending of a book to an acquaintance) to the peddling of books for the purposes of trade, and a new trial will shortly be obtained by the defendant, the issue of which, however, it is impossible to foresee. But just imagine such a thing as the creating of a legal necessity for a stamped "permit," not only before you can remove a bottle of wine, as at present, from your own cellar to that of your brother, or your next door neighbor,

ce, and the headquarters of his son

(an instance of which "society" was even in one of my recent letters,) but before housewife can lend a neighbor her cockade, sock, or her husband borrow a pamphlet or a wrapper from his most intimate friend!

But if the French people are content to live an atmosphere of political and intellectual strait, they are surpassed by no other in the sharpness of the small dodge they pass off on one another. Thus, a few days ago, a peddler who is in the habit of selling his wares over a pretty wide district, was about to take his on the railway between Tours and Bourges, with his wife and his empty pack, the latter being destined to undergo a replenishing saunter. All at once it struck the peddler that, as their funds were very low just then, and the replenishing of the pack at Bourges would take all their available resources, it could be a capital thing to put his wife, who was a little woman, and particularly lean, into the pack, and so get her conveyed to the place of destination in the baggage-van, instead of having to pay the price of a second place in a luxurious third class carriage in which he himself would travel. The pack of the French peasant is really a queer-shaped basket, called *croquet*, which is slung over the shoulders, and hangs down the back. Being long, though somewhat narrow, it is quite possible to stow a tallish human being inside one of these croquets, provided she be not afflicted with cramps. The feasibility and desirableness of the plan was fully appreciated by the peddler's wife, and she lost no time in encaussing herself in the *croquet*, where, with the peddler's wife, she was closely covered up with a bit of canvas, that effectually disguised the trick, giving her the appearance of a bundle of rags. The peddler then lifted his burden on to his back, and trudged off to the station, where he took a ticket for himself, and having registered his spouse as "baggage," saw the *croquet* safe-deposited in the baggage van, and took his seat in the carriage with an exulting heart.—When the train reached Bourges, the peddler pretended to get possession of his "baggage," which had thus performed the journey from Tours to Bourges for the sum of two sous. The railway porter, on taking out the shabby-looking baggage, stumbled it about in a way that must have seriously interfered with the content of its contents, and was proceeding to hang it over his shoulder in so very unceremonious a manner, that the peddler, alarmed for the success of his trick, was fain to take possession of his *croquet*, bidding the porter with the price of a "petit verre," make a bold dash the door with his better half on his back. It was lucky enough to get off without incident at the *arrêt*. But no sooner had he stepped from the "magic circle" of the railway station, than he deposited the *croquet* on the ground, and lost no time in releasing from its durance the partner of his fortunes, the one being in ecstasies over the success of their ruse, and scampering off, amid the shouts and laughter of the bystanders, as fast as their legs could carry them.

QUANTUM.

THE BODY OF THE LOST BALLOONIST, THURSTONE, CALLED.—The Toledo Blade, of the 8th inst., has an account of the discovery of the long missing body of Thurstone, the balloonist, who, in September, was taken up suddenly, owing to the removal of the car ropes and other rigging, while Mr. Thurstone was trying to open the valve, he sitting upon it, and heading only to the cords of the balloon. A boy discovered the body in the woods, only ten miles from the place where the balloon ascended.

There were portions of a human body scattered around near a tree. Close by the tree, and imbedded in the earth, was found the jawbone, broken, and matted hair, partly in the earth. About two rods from the tree was found one of the boots of the person, containing a foot nearly perfect, but much decomposed, and a portion of the shin bone, with flesh adhering to it. The boot had been gnawed, and evidently the flesh had been eaten by wild animals. The other boot was near by. Portions of the spine were also found scattered about, and several of the nails, teeth, etc., and parts of the skull were lying near. The clothes, however, the means of identifying the body, they being not so much destroyed but that their texture could be discovered. It is doubtful as to identity was set at rest by finding in his pocket a letter directed to him. It is from a Philadelphia house, in reply to some inquiries he had made about silk for a doon, with card and memorandum of various kinds. Some of the pretended spirit revelations were, that Thurstone reached the earth, and was then in a nearly inaccessible hole in the St. Clair marshes, and the latest was that the exact locality of his body had been found; that the force of the fall had buried it deep in the soft marsh—that a pole thrust in had brought up hair from the head of the unfortunate man; that the water and soft earth had filled the hole so rapidly that an aviator whose body could not be made without curbing, which would be done as soon as he was found, might stand to permit the work to proceed with safety.

A boy, about twelve years of age, on the 10th of September last, saw something fall in that line of woods. His attention was attracted by a peculiar whistling noise, as of some large object passing over, and looked up in time to see something fall among the trees. He thought it must have been a paper balloon, and started to get it, but after going a part of the way, he returned to the house and tried to get an older person to go with him to the woods after the paper balloon. He was laughed at for wanting to go so far after a bit of paper, and finally let it up. It now seems that a neighbor saw the balloon pass over at the same place, at a great height, and supposed it to be a kite; but having doubts about it, asked the boy, "how high a kite could fly?" and described at the same time the object he had seen.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE, to whom was referred the petition of Mrs. Mary L. Fry, (daughter of Mr. John Grigg,) for divorce from her husband, Mr. Horace R. Grigg, have decided to report a bill granting the divorce.

MRS. SICKLES has returned to New York, and resides in a house at Bloomingdale, the use of which is granted to her by Mr. Sickles, as long as she remains under her father's protection.

Her little daughter will, for the present, remain with her.

CHREMY, at Lyons, has discovered the means of removing, instantaneously, from the skin the stains produced by nitrate of silver, by photography. It is simply to put linseed in water used.

Little Janior, a bright and thoughtful boy of four summers, awoke the other morning, and, turning to his grandmother, said, "and, and, I dreamed I had a carriage last night." "Did you?" said she; "well, what did you do with it?" "Oh," said he, in his cheerful manner, "I left it in the dream."

THE DESERTER: BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A war, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging through the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to arms by means of that famous proclamation which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young; they left their homes, rushed to their colors, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the very walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Alsace, well known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind amidst the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national effort; and many a heart was throbbing painfully whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles which, by ridding the country from an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceable home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Alsace village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay open on her knees. Whilst she was repeating the holy words in an under-tone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently; the moment afterwards her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in a military attire.

"How are you, mother?"

She rose, and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest!" She went on, and after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and very hungry too!"

She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, while she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble! He was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken."

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected. He was restless and ill at ease; it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart; and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney-piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the stiff uniform worn by the king's *gardi du corps* half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance; just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worn-out, rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hussar stick in the corner, with the brass knob at top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for half an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that, when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her own dear boy with his head in his hands, leaning listlessly upon the table.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly, indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it an information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man with gray hairs, ironed features, and bright eyes, entered the room; it was the commander-in-chief, *Old Father Blucher*, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing very low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which, of course, he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to headquarters; and concluded his address with a hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheeks.

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OVER THE WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. COOK.

Over the way a maiden steth,
Sewing and singing the whole day long;
Day after day, as swift time fliteth,
Floats on the saphy her merry song.

Ralph once was light as the chirping cricket.
Whistling, he walked to his work each day,
Now he sits past by the vine-clad wicket,
Glancing at her who sits over the way.

Once was the song of the golden robin,
Never once still through the long spring day,
Now he sits mute, and his red head bobbin,
List to his rival over the way.

I, too, look over, and, always dancing,
Bright in the sun does her needle play;
Am I in love?—he! I'm only glancing,
Glancing at her who sings over the way.

THE PAGE AND THE PRINCESS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART I.

On the 4th of October, 1788, and at precisely eight o'clock in the morning, a man made his appearance at the residence of M. Dietrich, the principal magistrate of the city of Strasbourg. The servant who announced him was as pale as a corpse, and trembled in every limb.

"What is the matter with you, Frank?" asked his master.

"Sir," stammered the valet.

"Answer me instantly."

"Sir, it is the public executioner."

"Desire him to come in, and then leave us," was the calm reply.

When Frank had closed the door behind him this man moved a pace or two forward; and then, as was customary, knelt down. The expression of his face was serious, but calm and decided.

"About a week since," commenced the man,

"that is, *monseigneur*, at one o'clock in the morning of the 27th of September last, I was in bed in the lone house given to me by the city, when I heard a loud knocking at the outer door. My old housekeeper, who had been awakened by the noise, had already gone to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, and had ultimately opened it, believing that my services were required, as is frequently the case, by some one who was suffering from an accident; while, acting under the same impression, I hastened to put on my clothes. Soon, however, I became aware that the poor helpless old woman was struggling with some persons who were threatening to shoot her.

"Kill me if you will," I heard her say; "but do not harm my master." "We shall do him no injury," was the reply; "we mean him none. On the contrary, he will be well paid if he consents to do what we require; but if he values his life he must do so, or take the consequences upon himself. By this time, *monseigneur*, I was dressed; and I was about to go down stairs to ascertain what was required of me, when two men in masks rushed into my room, which chanced at that moment to be flooded with moonlight. In an instant I procured a lamp, and demanded to know their business; nor do I seek to deny that I was considerably agitated when I saw a brace of pistols pointed at my head and breast, as I began to apprehend that I was about to become the victim of their violence. I entreated my mysterious visitors to spare my life; alleging, and with truth, that I had never injured a human being, save in the fulfilment of my onerous office. "Your life is in no danger," was the assurance which I received in reply to my supplication, "on condition that you implicitly obey our orders; but should you hesitate, even for an instant, you will not see another dawn. Select the best and sharpest of your weapons; allow us quietly to blindfold you; remain silent, and follow us." As the pistols were still pointed towards me, resistance was useless; and I was compelled to submit. When a thick handkerchief had been carefully and skillfully bound over my eyes, I was lifted into a carriage and seated between the two strangers, who had no sooner warned my terrified housekeeper that should she mention to any one, be it whom it might, the event which had just taken place, my life would be the forfeit of her indiscretion, than the horses were urged into a gallop, and, powerless as a child, I could only offer up a silent prayer for protection and support. I could not form the faintest idea of the direction in which we were travelling; I could only calculate that the journey occupied eighteen or twenty hours. At its close I was lifted out of the carriage with the same precaution as I had been placed in it; and then each of my companions grasping one of my arms, I was hurried forward. After walking on a level surface for several minutes, we ascended a flight of stairs, which, from the echoing of our footsteps, I am convinced must have been both wide and lofty; and, finally, we reached a spacious saloon, where the bandage was removed from my eyes. It was still daylight, but the sun was about to set, which satisfied me that my calculation of time had been a correct

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIL.

BY ISA CRAIG, AUTHOR OF THE BURNED PRISON POEM.

A stillness crept about the house;
At eventide, in moonlight glare,
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many windowed House of Quail.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew 'neath the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quail.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders shivered all the air;
There came no murmur from the stream,
Though high flowed Leithen, Tweed and Quail.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quail.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quail.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves, in happy dreams,
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quail.

Or oft in pallid velvet clad,
Sat stately in the caken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The Mother of the House of Quail.

Her daughter, 'broidered by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
"I'll fare the brides that come to Quail."

"For more than one hath lived to pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely pined—
Left lonely in the House of Quail."

"Alas! and ere thy Father died,
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forgive him ill—
Thy brother brings his bride to Quail!"

She came; they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quail.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how peaceful fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the Wife of Quail.

"Tis fair," she said, on looking forth,
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare—"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quail:

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share!"
What need be said?—she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quail!

—Englishwoman's Journal.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION.

The whole region of country, for thirty miles or more westward from Philadelphia, was infested by scouting parties of the British. Foraging squads from both armies also penetrated many miles into the interior, sweeping off cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, anything that could be converted into fresh meat; the Americans promising to pay, and the British paying their friends in gold, and everybody else in—nothing. The made mistakes sometimes, in the hurry of operations, and carried off the stock of friends as well as of foes; and between the two armies, the country was saddled with a sufficiently heavy burden; but there were a great many farmers in Chester, and Bucks, and Montgomery counties, substantial, well-to-do, conservative people, who hated strife and loved money, particularly when it came in the shape of good prices in solid gold, as the British paid for all kinds of produce. They, consequently, for a while, drove a thriving trade in flour, grain, cattle, &c., which was soon, however, most unfeelingly curtailed and interfered with by an uneasy gentleman, who, with a very improper disregard of respectable people's feelings, set himself to work to check this profitable trade, and intercept the supplies intended for the Philadelphia market.

By proclamation from Washington, all such supplies had been declared forfeited, if taken; and backed by this authority, this restless gentleman had raised a troop at his own expense, selling his property to secure the means. He had gathered around him and equipped a crew of reckless dare devils, worth but little perhaps for the regular line, but invaluable for such purposes as he had in view. They were all good riders, knew every foot of the country, cared for nothing, and were the terror of all the staid, sober farmers, who wanted to turn an honest penny by trade with the city. They were a wild, restless crew, though under good discipline, sitting here and there by night, seeming to be everywhere at once, and causing the utmost perplexity to the honest farmers, who never sent a load of wheat or corn, or a few cattle to the city, without devoutly praying that "Captain Allen McLane and his boys might be a dozen miles out of reach of them."

One cold winter's night, a small detachment of this band were scouting in the woods near where Manayunk now stands, and not far from the road which leads to Norristown. It was a bright moonlight night, perfectly still, and cold enough to make the snow "crunch" audibly under the horses' feet, as the party moved along among the trees, keeping a sharp lookout upon the road which was in sight. Cold as it was, they seemed to be in high spirits, and were laughing and jesting merrily enough,

and comparing notes of some of their recent scouting adventures. The conversation was carried on in a low tone, and the laughter never rose above what is elegantly termed a "snigger." Their object was to see, and not to be seen, until it was too late to escape from them; so that the crunching of the snow under the horses' hoofs was the only sound that could have been heard from the road.

The party were moving on in rather straggling order among the trees, when a quick order, rather hushed than spoken, "Close up! Silence in the ranks!" was heard from the head; the leader stopped his horse and ordered a halt. The trained horses stopped in their tracks instantly, and their riders sat listening in breathless silence.

A confused trampling of hoofs and the faint "creeching" sound of heavily loaded wheels moving over the hard snow, bore audible testimony to the quickness of the leader's hearing. These sounds were accompanied by the suppressed calls of the driver: "Gee-a-ee now, Buck! where you goin'?" "Wo! whaw!" suddenly, Buck had evidently "geed" a little too much. "Whaw, now; come hither!"

Part of the scouts silently fled into the road and stood there waiting near the curve from behind which the advancing footsteps were approaching, while the rest pushed rapidly and silently on, to get in their rear and intercept any attempt at flight.

"I say, Cale," said a voice, "spose McLane's men's about!"

"Sposе they ain't," answered Cale, gruffly: "didn't yaller Bill say they was all over at the York Road, this afternoon? Yer' always a tryin' to skeer yourself about McLane's men."

"I reckon," said the other, "they'll do skeerin' enough for both of us, if they nab us; an' what'll old Biram say, if they—"

The speaker stopped here—for as they came around the curve, a trooper stood before them in the middle of the road, and pronounced the single word "Halt!" The trooper was the corporal, and the order was given in the high, clear, unmistakable voice of Jim Gilmer!

The intercepted unfortunates consisted of two men, one of whom was mounted upon a stout farm mare, accompanied by a good sized colt, and was driving half-a-dozen beef cattle, which seemed in prime condition to be converted into butcher's meat; and the other was seated upon an ox cart, drawn by a powerful yoke of oxen, and loaded with sacks of corn and flour. The fellow on horseback raised the loaded butt of the whip he carried, while the other seized one of the standards from the side of his cart, jumped to the ground, and both advanced towards Jim, having jumped at the conclusion that he was a stranger from the main body, and thinking what a nice thing it would be to carry a rebel to the city along with their fresh provisions.

"Halt! is it? We'll halt you, you rascal," said the one on horseback, who had been addressed as Cale, urging the old mare into a trot, "we'll halt you."

As he spoke he drew back his arm to strike, and at the same instant Jim's left hand had him by the throat, while the muzzle of the cocked pistol in his right hand, rattled against the fellow's teeth before he could shut his mouth.

"Better drop that switch, and behave party," said Jim; "it's no use squirming; you're nabbed; the Philistines ha' got you," he added, drawing upon his slender stock of Bible lore for an illustration; "you're caught as sure as Goliath was when Samson got him by the hair an' hung him to the aspid's with it."

Cale glanced around for his companion; but he had taken to his heels at the first glimpse of the pistol, and had gone at full speed on the back track—plunging into the hands of the party who had taken the precaution to guard the road in the rear, and was now coming forward between two of the horses, disconnectedly.

When Jim had eased himself of his Scriptural quotation, he gave a sharp whistle, and the men who had been standing just out of sight around the curve, came into view at once, showing to Cale the utter uselessness of resistance.

"Dist take away your hand from my throat, and that shootin' iron out of my mouth, will ye, please?" said he, "an' I'll give up; I'll say thanks too, if you'll only ketch that sneakin' runaway, Mike Jones, and give him a good larrupin'!"

"We don't larrup our prisoners," said Jim, "unless," he added, significantly, after a pause, "unless they git easy, and give trouble; tryin' to raise an alarm or anything o' that kind."

Cale, who had pricked up his ears while Jim was speaking, and was listening eagerly, though not to him, heard the last words, and subsided at once from his air of eager attention, into a look of most stolid indifference, and answered carelessly.

"Don't see much use in raisin' an alarm when there's nothin' to be got by it; who'd hear it, I wonder?"

"Exactly so," said Jim; "I heard 'em, too; you've sharp ears;" then, turning to his men, "we must cut for it; I think we can carry the plunder with us though; for they're a mile off yet."

"Who's a mile off, Corporal?" inquired one of the men.

"The red-coats; don't you hear 'em? There's fifty of 'em if there's a man."

All sat listening intently, and through the dead stillness of the air the faintest rustle could distinguish the faint clank and jingle caused by the movement of a body of cavalry.

"Start the cattle straight up the hill through the woods," said Jim, addressing two of the men near him, "and get 'em out of sight without makin' any noise; when you get through make a bee-line for the Rocks. Tom, take that fellow," pointing to Mike, who stood shivering between cold and fright, "on your horse before you, and keep him quiet; the rest of you take a bag apiece from the cart; you'll have to carry double to-night; you, come along with me!"—to Cale—"an' keep your throat still, or I'll make an extra hole in it; do you understand? If you speak above a whisper or raise so much as a finger to make an alarm, you're a dead man; come alongside

o' me; Johnson, come on the other side of him, and if he makes any noise or tries to get away, kill him."

"Yes, sir," answered Johnson, coming alongside, and speaking as coolly as if killing people was the most commonplace thing in the world, "yes, sir; I reckon he won't git off."

It took but a minute to give and obey these orders, and the party struck through the woods in profound silence, following the cattle which had started a little in advance, and were making the best of their way up the hill. As they disappeared among the trees a party of British light horse appeared coming forward at a sharp trot, and halted at the sight of the cart and oxen standing in the middle of the road with no one near them. The sharp eye of the leader saw at a glance the whole matter, and with a brief order to his men to follow, started up the hill in pursuit. They passed through the woods to the open ground beyond, going through the very gap the Americans had made in the fence. Here, however, they were at fault. There were tracks leading in both directions along the edge of the wood; and for some time they hesitated which to follow; a little examination, however, showed the tracks of the cattle leading towards the city, and they hurriedly pursued them, watching and listening as they rode, and then suddenly struck off in an easterly direction to head off the fugitives before they could reach the main body. When they were fairly out of sight, they stepped cautiously out from the woods first one, and then another and another of Jim's party, each leading his horse.

"They're right on the track, and they'll git the cattle as sure as a gun," said one of the men.

"Not if Phil has as much gumption as I think he has," said Jim, who, with the rest of the party, was by this time mounted, "he'll hear 'em afore they can hear him, an' he'll take to the woods in time; besides, he's gettin' cloudy, and that'll hide the trail."

The place at which the party emerged from the woods was two or three hundred yards in the rear of the place where the British had passed through, Jim having taken the plan of just going through the woods, purposely breaking down the fence in order to make the trail more distinct at that point, and then skirting back along its edge and re-entering it and lying still, rightly calculating that the pursuers would follow the tracks of the cattle. By this time the clouds were thick, and the snow had begun to fall; the wind rose rapidly, and in a few minutes they were in the midst of a driving snow storm that would have covered the track of an army.

"That'll do," said Jim; "no danger o' their ketchin' Phil now. Fall in! we'll let 'em lead the way this time; march!"

The party moved forward as rapidly as they could under the double burden their horses carried; Jim and the man called Johnson, riding one on each side of Cale, who was mounted on the old mare with the colt trotting after her.

The storm gradually increased until it became so furious that the party took to the woods again for shelter, and moved cautiously along in profound silence, not knowing at what moment they might stumble on the enemy, who had most probably taken to the woods for the same reason that they had. There was imminent danger also that the enemy would overtake Phil and his companion with the cattle. In fact they had passed within a hundred yards of them, but through the gloom of the wood and the snow-fall air, a herd of elephants would have been invisible at half the distance.

As the Americans were proceeding thus cautiously, the quick eye of Jim, who was some ten or twelve yards in advance with his prisoner, caught a glimpse of some dark forms moving slowly through the trees; a second look showed him that it was the rear of the British party not more than thirty yards off; they had halted for a few minutes to listen and watch, and had just formed and resumed their march as Jim caught sight of them. He threw up his hand, and then pointed to half-a-dozen large trees in rapid succession. Not a word was spoken, but the men understood his orders, and separating instantly, every man placed himself and his horse behind a tree so as to bring it in a line with the enemy. In day time, or in an ordinary light, this would have been of no avail for concealment, but under existing circumstances it answered perfectly.

At this moment Jim, who had kept one eye constantly upon Cale, while he watched the enemy with the other, observed him suddenly straighten himself in the saddle, and draw a full, quick breath; one heavy hand was over his mouth as quick as lightning, and the point of a long, keen knife which Jim carried in his belt in addition to his sword, picked the fellow's throat 'till the blood came.

"Curse you," he hissed, "go in to holla, were ye? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet? If I see you do that much again, I'll slit your windpipe!"

This warning was not lost upon Cale, who subsided at once into the lumpish position he ordinarily assumed on horseback, and was careful, during the rest of the journey, to make no demonstration that could be construed into an alarm. As for his companion, Mike Jones, he had been, from the start, as quiet "as a mouse on a cat's back." He had scarcely dared to draw a full breath, for fear Tom Stocum's fingers would close on his throat and prevent him from ever letting it out again.

A minute sufficed to carry the British out of sight among the trees, and Jim, motioning to one of the men to take his place beside Cale, gave him a brief direction or two, accompanied by a slight, significant gesture towards his knife as he caught the eye of the latter. He then rode forward some twelve or fifteen paces, and the whole party then moved forward cautiously, keeping about that distance behind Jim.

So far as the enemy were concerned, Jim's plans had succeeded very well, and the snow storm was helping them splendidly. Loaded as his party were, they were in no condition either to run or fight, and he had not the remotest idea of throwing away his load, if it could be avoided. His plan, therefore, had been to get the enemy ahead of him, and let

them go on a wild goose chase, while he followed in their rear, just out of sight. The wind, which was blowing a gale, directly in the teeth of both parties, was a valuable adjunct to his plan, for it made it utterly impossible for the party in advance to hear any sound that might come from his own party.

The direct course that all were pursuing would soon lead them to where the wood curved so as to form a right angle with it, and where he thought it probable the enemy would emerge from the wood, and move directly back to the city, by the "Ridge."

He moved cautiously forward, keeping a sharp lookout, until he came within a short distance of the road, and saw the last of the party he was watching rein up his horse at the edge of it, and look around. While the man was rubbing the snow out of his eyes, Jim contrived to get behind a thick clump of chestnut saplings, where he stood motionless for a full minute, while the trooper gazed steadily into the wood. The latter half turned his horse, as if inclined to ride back and explore the ground, and Jim had half drawn a pistol from his holster, prepared, as a forlorn hope, to shoot him, and then make off, up the hill, so as to lead off the pursuit from his party, when a quick, stern order from the front, "Close up there! close up in the rear!" recalled the trooper, and he turned away and trotted up to his place in the ranks.

Jim then dismounted and stepped forward, moving from tree to tree, until he reached the edge of the wood, and screening himself from view behind a large tree, watched carefully the progress of his unwelcome neighbors.

They were soon hidden from view by the snow, which was now driving more furiously than ever.

Looking back from this point, he saw how completely he had been screened by the clump of saplings; for, though he knew exactly where to look, he could not catch a glimpse of his horse, nor of the rest of his party, who were not more than half a dozen paces beyond the latter. Satisfied with this, he ventured to give a whistle, and the trained horse emerged at once from the spot where he had been standing like a statue, and came trotting down to him like a dog.

As he mounted, he heard a low whistle further down, among the trees; he listened a moment, and it was repeated, apparently nearer; looking in the direction whence the sound came, ready for a fight or a run, as the case might demand, he was relieved by the approach of a horseman, who, his keen eye saw at a glance, was Phil.

He called him by name, and the latter rode up at once.

"I thought it was you, corporal," said he, "but I wasn't quite certain."

"Yes, it's me," answered Jim, "all right, so far; where's Jerry and the cattle?"

"Down in the hollow, a little piece back; I heard the red coats going by, and we laid low 'till they got past, and sin' then I've been a watchin' 'em. Whew! what a night it is," he exclaimed, as a fresh blast came howling across the river, driving the snow in whirling clouds around them; "I'm afeard we can't git them cattle along through the drifts."

"We must try it," said Jim; "I don't feel like givin' 'em up yet; go back and drive 'em up here as quick as you can."

Phil went back as he was ordered, and Jim rode back a short distance, and placing two of his fingers in his mouth, gave a low whistle as a signal to his party. They appeared in a moment, moving down the hill, and all advanced to the road. In a few minutes the two amateur drivers appeared with their charges, and the whole party took up their march along the road, Jim resuming his place in advance.

The track was entirely obliterated, and was much obstructed by drifts, through which the doubly loaded horses and the cattle had to break their way, sometimes knee deep. There was no danger of their coming up to the enemy again, for the latter were pushing for the city as fast as they could go, and being unencumbered, went four feet to the Americans' two; finally, about daybreak, Jim reached the camp safely with his "plunder," but with men, horses and cattle completely worn out, and half dead with the cold and exposure of their terrible night's work.

CHAPTER XIII.

CORPORAL JIM WITHIN PHILADELPHIA.

The sun rose with the snow still falling, but towards noon it slackened, and soon after ceased entirely. In the afternoon the clouds broke away, and the sun shone out gloriously on the white mantle that covered hill and hollow, river and creek.

Jim had made his report to Captain McLane in the morning, and had received orders to have one of the cattle slaughtered for the use of the troop, and to despatch the rest, together with the grain and flour, to the army at Valley Forge.

"You say," continued the Captain, after having given these orders, "that you brought along the farmer's old mare and her colt; you shouldn't have done that; I doubt if the mare can be made of any use to us, and we have no feed to spare."

"I couldn't help it, sir," said Jim; "I had to bring the men along to keep 'em from bringin' in the red drs on our track. I wanted to fetch the grain along, and what with that an' carryin' one o' the fellows apiece, we hadn't a horse to spare. I didn't take much notice o' the colt; I s'pose it jist trotted after us—however, if you please, sir, I've got a plan about it, if you've got no objections."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, sir, between the cold and the tramp, the colt's pretty well knocked up; I don't think it will live any time; an' so I thought, if you were willin', we'd make him into fresh beef, an' take him to the city an' sell him to the officers in the garrison."

"Not a bad notion," answered the Captain, smiling; "but who'll do it? It will be a hanging matter, if he should be detected."

"I know it, sir," said Jim; "an' so I won't ask anybody to do it. I meant to go myself, if you would let me."

"Well," said the Captain, after considering a moment, "I suppose you had better go, if

any one does; but take care of yourself, and get all the information you can pick up quietly without exciting suspicion."

"Yes, sir," answered Jim, touching his cap and hurrying off.

Calling Tom Stocum to accompany him, he went to where the horses were picketed, explaining his plan to Tom, who was highly tickled at the idea of humbugging the British officers.

The unlucky colt was soon slaughtered, an operation, however, which did not really shorten its existence many hours, for the cold and exposure and fatigue of the preceding night had been too much for it, and it was dying.

It was skinned, cut up, the choice pieces, such as the roasting ribs, sirloins, &c., picked out, and really it would have passed any but a butcher to tell that the fresh, juicy-looking meat, with the tender fat which adorned it, had ever belonged to anything but a well-fed young steer.

In the course of two hours more, Jim was in the city, disguised as a country butcher, having his meat in a light, covered cart drawn by the old mare. Having ascertained where Sir William Howe's quarters were, Jim proceeded to the house, which was in Chestnut street, opposite the present Custom House, and was the same building which was afterwards occupied for many years as the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

Jim had no difficulty in disposing of his meat at a good price, which was paid in gold and silver, which he deposited, with a great show of carefulness, in a greasy leather purse, and was about to drive away, when an orderly appeared at the door and called him into the house, saying that his Excellency wished to speak to him. Jim followed him into a handsomely furnished room, warmed by a cheerful wood fire, in front of which stood a large table, covered with papers and writing materials. Near the table, in an easy chair, sat a large, dignified-looking man, in a military undress, whom Jim at once recognized, from his general resemblance to Washington, as Sir William Howe.

Our amateur butcher was not troubled with reverence for any created thing, unless it was for Washington himself, but he was a little awed for a moment at finding himself face to face with the great British commander, and in a disguise which, if detected, would at once hand him over to the tender mercies of the Provost. He soon recovered himself, however, and stood scanning him as closely as he could, without appearing impertinent, holding his hat in one hand and stroking down his hair with the other, with a great deal of apparent meekness and respect.

The commander questioned him as to the route by which he had entered the city, and Jim told him a long story about the trouble he had met with, in getting past the outlying parties of McLane's men, and how he had finally been seized by one of them on the outskirts of the city, and after some detention, allowed to pass, on condition of carrying some messages to the American prisoners who were confined in what was then known as "The British Provost," afterwards the Walnut Street Prison.

"What were those messages?" inquired Sir William.

"Only to tell 'em their friends were alive and well, your Excellency," said Jim, "an' hadn't forgot 'em, an' to tell 'em to keep a good heart, an' such like."

"You can take the messages," said the commander; "Thompson, write an order for his admission to the Provost."

While the secretary was writing the order, Sir William resumed his questions, and extracted a great deal of information from Jim as to the condition of the army at Valley Forge, the number of servicable troops encamped there, the probable intentions of Washington—indeed, upon this point, Jim favored him with some positive information of a very original character—the force under Captain McLane, and their intended movements, all of which was given with the most straightforward simplicity and apparent sincerity, seeming rather to be drawn from him by the questions than from any anxiety to impart the information, but which had the peculiarity of being carefully directed of every atom of truth, and of giving Sir William Howe a most exaggerated idea of the strength and resources of his enemies.

For instance, he generously added some five thousand to the small force at Valley Forge, and supplied them with a quantity of clothing and daily rations of food and liquor which would have made the poor fellows' mouths water to hear of. His description of the personal appearance of Captain McLane would have insured the latter against recognition by the sharpest detective policeman, while his Corporal Gilmer, of whom Sir William had heard more than once in connection with midnight forays and stoppages of unlucky farmers, was described as a huge giant of a fellow, six feet and a half high, with fiery red hair, and beard all over his face, and strong enough to hold a mad bull by the horns.

The General watched Jim narrowly, and questioned him pretty closely, though without the slightest suspicion that the chunky little fellow before him was the very Corporal about whom he was inquiring, but there was an air of quiet candor and truth about him that defied suspicion. Having extracted all the information Jim seemed to be possessed of, he told him he might go, advising him to keep out of the way of McLane's men on his return, and concluding with a significant warning against telling what he might see while in the city.

"Thank your Honor," said Jim; "I hope your Honor—your Excellency, I mean—will relish the beef I've brought; I think it's the finest steer I've killed this many a day—'Tain't over large, but it's sweet and tender," and Jim backed himself out of the apartment, hat in hand, and made his way to his cart, sprang into it, and rattled off towards the prison in Walnut street, where he saw sights that he never forgot till his dying day.

The prison, which was then new and unfinished, contained nine hundred Americans, chiefly prisoners taken at Brandywine and Germantown, and was under the control of

Captain Cunningham, an incarnate devil, who exhausted all the savage brutality of a nature endowed with a triple share of it, upon the unhappy victims who were placed in his power. Jim's blood boiled, as he saw the starved, cowering wretches kicked and insulted and horse-whipped by the cruel coward; and once, as he saw a vessel of soup, which some humane citizen had sent to the starving men, kicked over by him, with a savage laugh, just as half-a-dozen of them had gathered eagerly around it, he made a step forward to seize him by the throat. He saw the madness of the attempt, however, and checked himself and stood grinding his teeth in silent rage, registering a mental vow, which it was well for Cunningham he never found an opportunity of fulfilling.

Though it was in the dead of a severe winter, and the snow and the scorching wind came in on all sides through the shattered windows, which had never been repaired since the day the Augusta men-of-war had blown up at Red Bank and shivered the glass from the casement, the unhappy inmates had no covering except the clothing they were when brought in, either for day or night. The shivering wretches huddled together in groups for warmth, but with little effect beyond inflicting each other with the vermin which their squalor and unavoidable filth bred in swarms.

They had no regular supplies of food, and what they did get was of the vilest quality. Musty flour, that was unfit to be eaten, and which they had to eat raw, mixed with water, or boiled in such vessels as they could get hold of, when any one was lucky enough to get a few scraps of old shoes and bones to make a fire with, for no cooking was done for them, and no means supplied of cooking for themselves. Many a meal was made of potato skins which were obtained from benevolent people who had no use for them, through the medium of little boys or baskets let down from the broken windows to the street; and at least one case is on record where a party who had been brought in three days before, made their first meal at the end of that time of the rotten wood and paint of the pump, from which they drew the water to mix it with. Occasionally, the carcass of a cow, dead from disease, would be brought in a cart, and shot down upon the ground in all its filth, for the prisoners to make the best of it. It was eagerly cut up, the hungeriest eating it raw, and others cutting the foul mass into strips to dry and cure. They fought the rats at night, and lay in wait for them by day, to eke out their slender sustenance; and the dozen or so who died every day, in spite of this luxurious fare, worn out by sheer starvation and cruelty, were dragged out by the legs to the dead carts, and shot down like dogs into pits dug in the Potter's field; the very spot where now, in the summer afternoons, hundreds of merry, laughing children romp and play under the trees and over the seat of the beautiful Washington Square, in the middle of which, for more than twenty years, has been slumbering the foundation of a monument to him for whom the square was named, but which Philadelphia has never yet possessed enough patriotism and enough money, both at once, to carry up to the surface.

In all this misery, there was no arrangement of the citizens for their relief; and of the American officers on furlough, none came near them. They were left to the tender mercies of the demon who reigned over this Pandemonium.

Ten minutes in the prison were enough for Jim, and he went away sick at heart, but with a large accession to his already abounding hatred. As he went out, he contrived to slip a couple of Sir William's guineas into the hand of a prisoner who stood near him. The poor fellow started, but Jim hurried on without looking behind or giving an opportunity for thanks which might have been ill-timed. As he reached his cart, he drew a long breath and expelled it violently two or three times in succession, as if pumping out something that did not agree with his lungs, shook his fist, (he couldn't help doing that much) at the prison walls, and having thus relieved himself, drove around to the Indian Queen, which he had not visited since the day he left it cured of his Brandywine layabout staid. Hitting his mare to the post in front of the house, he proceeded to the bar room, where he found a number of men, some drinking, some talking around the fireplace—some half-drunk, some three-quarters drunk, and some very drunk indeed. There was a general turning of heads as Jim came in, but beyond that no particular attention was given to him. He nodded socially to those who were sober enough to see him, and walking up to the bar, called for something to drink, which was furnished him and immediately despatched.

He then took his seat by the stove and joined in the conversation that was going on. He soon discovered that he was in the midst of enemies, and had to be very circumspect in his language, that he might not betray himself. The men had been conversing about Captain McLane, whose sudden forays and night attacks were keeping everybody in a fever.

"Why," said one of them, "they say no bullet will hurt him; he's been shot at a hundred times, and once I heard tell he trotted his horse past a file of grannys, who all fired at him, and not a single shot touched him."

"Maybe he has dealings with Old Nick," said a meek looking little man sitting near the fire.

"Don't know," answered the other; "I reckon if he'd been like common folks, some of the balls must ha' gone through him, 'cause they wa'n't fifty yards off."

"I think they did go through him," interrupted Jim quietly; "I saw him once—"

"Where?" interrupted half-a-dozen eager voices; "what was he like?"

"I saw him in his own camp, some of his men stopped me as I was tryin' to slip into the city with a load of fresh beef, an' he langed to 'em. They took me and my cart into the camp, an' kep' me there all one day an' night. I saw him close to, that time, an' there was two bullet holes in his coat, one on the breast an' 't'other on the back, right in a line with his heart."

"I am indebted to 'Watson's Annals of Philadelphia' for most of the facts in the above account of the prison.

There are men who can *dis* patiently;
but they are nobler yet who can live with pa-
tience.—St. Augustine.

ham Donnelly, near the Blairville Junction, Westmoreland county, Pa., received, as a present from a friend, two large rattlesnakes, which he preserved in a box covered with glass. After keeping them some time, it was but natural to suppose that the "guts" would be "a hungered." Acting upon this idea, and being unacquainted with the fact that snakes would only eat the impure food, Mr. Donnelly caught four or five little mice, and put them in the cage with their slimy companions, to be, as was then supposed, devoured at a single gulp. But, to the astonishment of the beholders, the mice, for several days, *crawled* over the snakes with no effect, and, enjoying themselves "as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Finally, one of the mice, being gnawed with hunger, commenced gnawing at the snake. During this operation, his snakeship would sometimes remain perfectly quiet; but, on other occasions, would raise his head and dart forth his forked tongue, at which time "our small rodent quaquarped" would make a "straight coat tail"—or rather, tail without the coat—into a corner. But when the snake returned to its quiescent position, the mouse partook again of its *dimity* meal, and really continued this operation until it *eat* so much of the flesh as to leave part of the back-bone and several of the ribs on either side exposed, from which the snake finally died.

THE TURKISH WOMEN.—Quite a progressive step has been taken by the Sultan of Turkey. He has ordered a re-organization of the Turkish schools, and that provision be made for the education of girls. The Minister of Public Instruction, some time back, presented to the Sultan a complete system of education for males, in which were introduced a number of ameliorations adopted from European establishments. At present the Minister's attention has been directed to the education of girls, and he has proposed to extend very considerably the range of instruction given to females in Turkey, as a preparatory step towards the intellectual emancipation of the Musselman women.

The Sultan has given orders to have the proposed plan carried into execution with as little delay as possible, so that henceforward Turkish girls will not only learn all the works executed with the needle, but reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. In each of the thirteen sections of the Turkish capital six primary schools are to be established at once; and at a later period, one superior establishment in each section, to complete the education of the inferior schools.

"**THE SURVIVOR DIED.**"—The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier, speaking of the Sickles tragedy, says: "An engineer on one of our railways had, without fault of his own, run the tremendous power under his control over a human being. The body was removed from the rail, death had done his dread work, examination was made of the circumstances, and the engineer acquitted, the homicide was not in him. Yet a little while afterward, that engineer came to the superintendent and asked to resign his place, he could not endure it any longer.

"**"Why do you go?"** said the superintendent, "no one blames you."

"**"Ah,"** said he, "*I must go. Every night I am on the road, I see that man standing before the engine!*"

A HOAX.—The story about the discovery of remarkable old coins, gigantic skeletons, &c., in a cave in Ohio, is an unmitigated hoax, and was written as a burlesque.

STIMULANTS.

Those requiring the assistance of a stimulant should use **HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS**. They contain no alcohol or injurious ingredients, and yet possess great stimulating properties, followed by no deleterious effects. If you are suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, or if suffering will, speedily and permanently cure you. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

TO CURE A COUGH, to relieve all irritations of the throat, to prevent hoarseness, to restore to perfect soundness and health, the most delicate organization of the human frame—the Lungs—use **Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.**

U. S. Buy none but what it has the written signature of "**I. Buxto**" on the wrapper.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to cure others by writing (free) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. **J. M. DACKELL**, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

feb26-4t

MARRIAGES.

U. S. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At North White Creek, N. Y., March 10th, 1859, by the Rev. Merritt Bates, Prof. **WILLIAM A. HOLLEY**, Editor of the "Fort Edward Institute Monthly," to MARY T. daughter of the officiating Clergyman, and recently Preceptress of Stanstead C. E. Academy.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Knapp, Mr. **CARLES KELSEY**, to Miss **SALLIE H. SCHOFIELD**, both of Montgomery county.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Darhough, Mr. **JOHN LAROE**, to Miss **MARTHA DAVIES**, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Calhoun, Mr. **DAVID R. KELLEY**, to Miss **SOPHIE E. TRUMB**, both of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnson, Mr. **WILLIAM CURRIE**, to Miss **ELIZA CURRIE**.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. **JOSEPH T. LAIN**, to Miss **SOPHIA A. CHARBONNIER**, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan. by the Rev. John Chambers, George P. W. LERO, to **BEALIE**, daughter of the late Geo. Wylie, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. Ward, Thomas B. BEARDSLEE, to SARAH KEEPER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. R. A. Carden, HARRY T. HORTON, of Meigs, to MARY, daughter of John McAvoy, of this city.

DEATHS.

U. S. Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, **ALBERT PRICE**, son of John S. and Mary I. Rich, aged 1 year and 10 days.

On the 5th instant, **R. MILLER**, wife of Mathew McDonald, aged 20 years.

On the 1st instant, **H. STIRLING WILSON**, aged 37 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. **JAMES M. WELSH**, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. **CATHERINE E. WADSWICK**, aged 82 years.

On the 6th instant, **SAMUEL MYERS**, aged 65.

On the 5th instant, Mr. **WILLIAM STOWMAN**, Sr. aged 72 years.

On the 6th instant, **CATHERINE AMERUSTER**, aged 73 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. **BENJAMIN WHITECAR**, aged 61 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. **REBECCA LEVIT**, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, **MARY A. MORELAND**, aged 4 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. **HULDA HYLAND**, aged 54 years.

On the 28th ultimo, **BESSIE WHITCRAFT**, aged 61 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. **SARAH MEECE**, aged 80 years.

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE PILLS FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE CURE OF IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

I desire the members of this high court of morals to meditate on the following considerations:—
"Remember—We cannot be sick, we can have no pain, but when some natural outlet for the blood's impurities is closed or inactive."
In the year 1761 this great truth was first made known to the world.
That impurity of the blood, by impeding the circulation produces inflammation or derangement of that organ or tissue, where the impurity has deposited itself.
That medical men have applied different caustics to the mouth of each organ—according to the greater or less violence of the symptoms.
That there is but one disease. These various groups of derangements and symptoms, having their origin in the impurity of the blood for their common source, differing from each other only in degree of intensity.
The announcement of this simple theory, of the unity and identity of disease, was so fully convincing of its sterling truth that for thirty years it gave his whole attention to the composition of a medicine to purify the blood, and to the removal of the blood's impurities by the agency of the circulation to the bowels, whose office would be to expel them from the body—thus curing all local and general affections by taking away what they fed upon. He was eminently successful, after so many years of unceasing labor, in devising a medicine mild in its operations and safe under all circumstances yet sufficiently powerful to pervade the whole system. Incapable of injuring the most tender, yet energetic enough for the most powerful constitution. It is capable of being digested in the blood, the blood is acted on by the system strictly in accordance with the laws of the animal economy. To this medicine was given the name of "BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS."
A rapid glance at the use of the blood and the consequences to which it is exposed by its common production, may dispel some of the erroneous notions and unfounded theories which have obstructed the path of inquiry, and may lead to recognition of the doctrine for which I contend.
It is from the productive power of the blood the solid matter of the body is daily sustained. The blood takes up and carries away the worn out particles of the body, and supplies the new ones for the repairs of the structure, and the due exercise of its functions. It supplies nourishment for the growth of parts and for the regeneration of the solid matter. If it is impure, the blood and those granulations formed which fill up the cavities of the vessels. Blood is requisite to the action of the nervous system; cut off its communication and the sensibility of a member is lost. The vigor and activity of the animal life depend on the condition, according to the qualities of the mass when the disease sets in, are the chances of recovery. From the secretions are all derived. Bile, urine, gastric juices, saliva, &c., however different in appearance and character, are the blood for their common production. If the blood is impure, the secretions are impeded by foreign matters and the digestive organs are impaired, the blood is further degenerated from a state of health; the liver becomes torpid, and performs its functions imperfectly, the lungs sympathize with the general derangement and vitalize the impure blood. If waste particles are detained in the circulation, they become deposited and form tumors and abscesses or produce violent fevers. If the secretions are retained or deficient in quantity, dyspepsia, jaundice and a thousand other diseases are produced. If the blood is impure, the blood produces local or general disease. But it is evident they all spring from one cause—impure blood.—Expel this impurity by judicious purgation, and you must eradicate the disease, for disease cannot be present in the person without its cause. It is a common error to tell us, what the Accumulative experience of many years has infallibly proved it. This doctrine was contrary to reason, yet if experience should invariably prove it, we must discard reason and cling to the fact experience has taught us. But this is heresy, and the fact is taught in hand. Brandreth's pills by restoring the blood in its primal purity and natural course, will remove diseases by whatever technical term may be known or defined by medical men.
The theory of one disease and one method of cure is the only way to be gaining ground rapidly, but the idea of the unity of disease is being gradually developed. And in schools of medicine it is even now taught "that an outward ulcer and an inward abscess, though the results of different processes, are in their basis, the same impurity of the blood, and are cured by purging it."
The doctrines of unity of disease, and of one method of cure are but the two halves of one great truth; and the existence of this one cure, or universal remedy, becomes a rational subject of inquiry.
The cures effected by the use of Brandreth's pills in the one hundred and eighty years they have been before the public, have placed their claims to this distinction beyond all question. Time has established their efficacy, and the medicines have proved to disease, and as the medicines which can cure can also prevent disease, their prudent use during seasons of epidemics and contagions, have preserved many valuable lives.
Thousands of persons in the cities and villages of the United States have suffered from disease, and been restored to health by their use. By no other power than their own inherent virtues could they for so long a period, have kept before the public, and have extended their reputation from one continent to another.
The undersigned himself has prepared Brandreth's vegetable pills for upwards of thirty years, and has had opportunities of testing their sanative properties in an extensive practice. Their value in cases of recent sickness must be observed of course to receive the credit they deserve, and have seen asthma relieved, and gradually give way to their influence. More than this—I have known consumption cured by them, even after tuberculous deposition had taken place. But rheumatism, fevers, smallpox, fever and ague, erysipelas, and all the diseases which are subject to the mild but energetic agency of Brandreth's pills. They are in truth a universal purgative for whatever is in the blood and fluids, which has no business there whatever and wherever the deposit of morbid matter has taken place, the medicine enters the system through digestion, entered the circulation, penetrates every recess of the body, and either expels, or causes to be absorbed for expulsion every unhealthy particle. Brandreth's pills are now given in practice by forty-nine hundred countries, and have been used in every part of the world. I have found that their patients may take the pills with out regard to the weather, or other disturbing causes, their effects, at all times, being certain and salutary. The pills are now daily administered to the youth, and are the best medicine for giving to females under the most critical and delicate circumstances, because they do not disturb or shock the animal functions, but restore their order and re-establish health.
Brandreth's Pills are made of herbs, roots, and rare animal acids, and are prepared in a vegetable汁. No chemical production enters into their composition. The Brandreth Pills prove that there are within us faculties, both bodily and intellectual, with which certain herbs have affinity, and owe which they have a power, for restoring health to the human mind and body.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are admirably adapted to overcome the diseases of hot climates, their prompt action preventing congestions of the brain or viscera, and clearing away those obstructions to the animal canal, which engender the most dangerous symptoms, leading to rapid dissolution under the heat of a tropical sun.
By their use the blood's vitality and energy are sustained, for by keeping it free from oppression or taint, it is enabled to visit all the organs, and to approach of diseases to which persons of pure blood are always predisposed.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are fast superseding every other medicine. The fact that they have been known in England and the United States for a period of 180 years, affords only a evidence of public estimation, but of their necessity to the public health.

A BARE AND CHEAP BOOK.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDUSTRY

OR,

1000 CHANCES

TO MAKE MONEY.

1 Vol., Cloth, good Paper, 420 Pages, Price \$1.25.

This unique book, just published, is the only one of the kind, and must not be judged by any other. It is a Commentary on all kinds of profitable business, and shows how Fortunes were made in ancient times and in modern times; How to get the First Thousand Dollars; and treats of the most Profitable things to labor at, and the art of Living Well and also Cheaply. It then presents Chances after Chances to MAKE MONEY—in preserving Meats, raising Stock in Texas and Mexico; the West; in planting Cotton, Sugar, Flax, Tobacco, &c.; in new Plantations and Plantations, in Oil in Canada, Coffee, Indigo, Cassava, Case-Nut Chances in the West India, Chances in Timber, Oysters, Fruits, Vegetables, the best and most packing Butter, Beef and Pork; Chances in commercial speculations, new Fields of Adventure, Chances in Manufactures, in Farming and Mining; what things to INVENT that will pay; Chances in California, and miscellaneous Chances of great variety, with an APPENDIX, containing

VALUABLE SECRETS AND RECEIPTS,

Including *Barry's Method of Taming Horses*, a *Sage's Cheap Soup*.

Every intelligent man who has his fortune to make, or young men to settle in business, ought by all means, to own this book. It contains a wealth of information about things that every man ought to know, though but few do know. The Publishers trust that the reputation of their book is sufficient guarantee, that this is none of the trashy affairs of the day. It can be examined any store where books are sold in the United States or the Canadas, or will be mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

22 and 24 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

P. S.—Enterprising men can do well in selling this book in every county. Discount liberal.

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STATEMENT

OF THE

ASSETS

OF THE

COMMONWEALTH

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

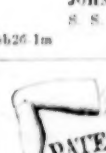
Office, N. W. Cor. Walnut and 4th Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1859.

Cash in Tradesmen's		
Bank, and on hand,	\$17,825 15	
Cash in hands of		
Agents,	2,421 17	
Aggregate amount of		
Cash Items,		\$20,266
Number of Shares of Stock of all		
kinds owned by the Company,		
and the par and market value		
thereof		
	Par Val.	Market Val.
250 Shares Pa.		
Railroad,	\$12,500 00	\$10,875 00
150 Shares N.		
Pa. Railroad,	7,500 00	1,500 00
		\$12,375
Bonds of all kinds owned by the		
Company, and the par and mar-		
ket value thereof		
	Par Val.	Market Val.
Masonic Loan,	\$2,350 00	\$2,350 00
Missouri State		
Loan,	23,000 00	19,710 00
Loan of the City		
of Philada.	8,000 00	8,000 00
		\$30,060
Temporary Loans of the Company		
secured by collaterals (chiefly		
bonds), with a margin exceeding		
15 per cent, on amount loaned,		\$20,521
Amount of Loans on Bonds and		
Mortgages, being the first lien on		
improved Real Estate in the City		
of Philadelphia, worth more		
than double the amount of said		
mortgages,		\$119,200
Assessments on Stock		
paid, \$186,500 00		
Assessments on Stock not paid,		\$15,000
Installments on Stock not called for,		
and for which the Stockholders		
are individually liable under the		
provisions of the charter of the		
Company,		\$360,000
Total Assets of the Company, Feb-		
ruary 1st, 1859,		\$516,022

DAVID JAYNE, M. D., President
JOHN M. WHITALL, Vice President
S. S. MOON, Secretary.

Feb 26 1m



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, a rendered useful to the greatest extent.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years and the inventor has received over all competitors fifty most honorable awards from distinguished scientific societies in the principal cities of the world among which are the great Municipalities the Women's Expositions in London and New York. Nearly 2,000 limbs in daily use, and increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Patent's" Patent has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

J. FRANK PALMER,
370 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED—\$5 to \$10 per d-
profit.—All may apply. Send a red sta-
for particulars, to DR. EARL,
129 Franklin St., N. Y.

BRONCHITIS.—The administration of medicine in the form of a Lozenge, in all cases of the most obdurate and long-continued Cough, is possibly as regards a Cough REMEDY, the most effective. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, give relief, which induces Coughing, having a decided influence on the affected parts.

COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its beginning; that which in the beginning would yield to a slight remedy, often becomes a chronic Cough. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, containing the most valuable ingredients, alloy Pulmonary Irritation.

ASTHMA.

ASTHMA OR PHTHISIS.—A spasmodic action of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, brownish coating. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will in some cases, give immediate relief. If of long standing, persevere with them; they will alleviate in time.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma with no benefit, found great relief from the Troches."—REV. D. LAYNE, Greatfield, Ill.

CATARH.

CATARH.—A form of Chronic Throat Disease consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up to the nose. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a decided influence in these troublesome complaints. No sufferer from Catarrh should be without them.

INFLUENZA.

INFLUENZA.—The great and sudden change of our climate, are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience have proved that simple remedies often not speedily effecting a cure, in these cases, the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Lozenges, be the Influenza Cough or Irritation of the Throat be over so slight as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually ward off.

BRONCHITIS.

BRONCHITIS. *Clergymen's Sore Throat.*—Chronic inflammation of the small Mucous Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe, the approach of which often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—increases of Mucus, and a sense of weariness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual action of the various parts, the incipient symptoms are allayed by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches," which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is experienced.

HOARSENESS.

HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT.—An unpleasant and painful result of "Catching Cold" or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be remedied by allowing one or two "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Musicians and Public Speakers will find them of great advantage.

"We have found them of great service in alling Bronchial Irritation, and in subduing Hoarseness," pronounced by C. J. HERRICK, DANIEL W. LANE, Editor of Zion's Herald.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, are efficacious in children, laboring from this disorder, Hoarseness or other affections of the Chest, having a most influence, assisting expectoration, and prevent an accumulation of phlegm, which often causes of suffocation so common with this cough.

CONSUMPTION.

IN CONSUMPTION. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will afford great relief. They promote Expectoration, and allay the irritation of the Throat. For Asthma, Consumptive and Chronic Coughs, which more or less trouble some at night, great relief be experienced by taking at bed time one or two of the Troches, which will ensure ease and a comfortable rest.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice—they have an extraordinary efficacy in affections of the Throat and Larynx, restore their healthy tone when relaxed, either from over or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation.

"I have tried nothing that can injure the eyes, they can be taken as freely as requisite for clearing and strengthening the voice."

"Pre-eminently the first and best."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to public speakers."

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.

"I have proved them excellent for Whooping Cough."

REV. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON.

"Great Benefit in affections of the Bronchial organs."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

A simple and elegant combination

DR. G. F. BIGELOW, BOSTON.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents per Box.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. PHILLIPS BROWN, the great curer of Dyspepsia, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He eventually cured his prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant. This prescription, given him by a mere clairvoyant in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once, equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia.

An engraving is here given of the principal ingredients employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in the United States. I send this valuable prescription to any person the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.

Address: DR. O. PHILLIPS BROWN, No. 31 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

mar 12-25

5,000 AGENTS WANTED.—To four new inventions. Agents made over \$25,000 on one better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get pages of particulars. For particulars, include stamp, address: EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. Business honorable. Will pay a weekly salary from \$18 to \$30. Small capital required. Send no money. For particulars, include stamp, address: A. B. MARTIN, Plainfield, New Hampshire, decd-260

GAYETTE'S MEDICATED PAPER.—I am convinced that Piles is a disease general, prevalent, and in all cases originates or aggravated by the use of the toilet paper. I have used my own paper in the water-closet, for many years. G. A. Y. GAYETTE, of New York, set to work and discovered a way of making pure Manila paper, from new hemp, and medicating it in a style to cure Piles where the disease exists, and prevent it in the young and the healthiest person, without detriment to the general health. Besides its medicinal value, GAYETTE'S MEDICATED PAPER in the water-closet has value as a beautiful article of comfort, luxury and convenience. It is a thoroughbred United States paper, made of the finest materials, and others, and can be purchased in large or small quantities, at the grand depot, No. 41 Ann St., New York City. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The genuine has GAYETTE'S name water-marked in each sheet, and his signature is upon each label. mar 5-30

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Wit and Humor.

As One of the *Fourteen Lecturers*.—Aristides Ward, shorthand writer to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, is as follows:

By his virtuous I've one a reputation for honesty which few showmen (alors, alars for the perfection!) enjoy & by attending strictly to his I've earned a handsome competency, & my show is shelled by few & exulted by none, content as it does a wonderful collection of living wild beasts and birds, a endless variety of live fowls of life size & the only trained kangaroos in America—the most amusing little ones ever introduced to a discriminating public.

A why am I said? methinks I hear ye ask, gentle reader. Shows I feel that the show I have is shelled by few & exulted by none, content as it does a wonderful collection of living wild beasts and birds, a endless variety of live fowls of life size & the only trained kangaroos in America—the most amusing little ones ever introduced to a discriminating public. A why am I said? methinks I hear ye ask, gentle reader. Shows I feel that the show I have is shelled by few & exulted by none, content as it does a wonderful collection of living wild beasts and birds, a endless variety of live fowls of life size & the only trained kangaroos in America—the most amusing little ones ever introduced to a discriminating public.

BRITISH ANECDOTES OF AMERICANS.—One of the officers in Burgoyne's army, named Albany, after his return to Europe, in 1780, published his travels in two volumes. We make these extracts from the copy of the work owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society:

After the capture of Burgoyne's force, the Americans thronged together to see the prisoners. I, McNeill said to an old woman, who appeared to be near an hundred, "Sa, you old fool, you must come and see the lions,"—but with great earnestness she replied, "Lions! lions! I declare now I think you look more like lambs."

Speaking of the impertinent curiosity of the New Englanders, he says, that four women got into the room of a house where Lord Napier was quartered, with other officers, when one of them, with a twang peculiar to the New Englander, said, "I hear you have got a Lord among you—pray now which may he be?" His Lordship, who, by the bye, was all over mire, and scowled dry from the heavy rain that had fallen during the day's march, entered into the joke. After his titles had been duly read off, and he had been pointed out, the women got up, and one of them lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven, with great astonishment exclaimed, "Well, for my part, if that be a Lord, I never desire to see any other Lord but the Lord Jehovah."

"RUE AT THE BOTTLE AND BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE."—Time, towards evening—place, forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina—log cabin close by—red-headed boy whistling—enter traveller, on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well "beat out." Traveller—"Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton?" Strutting boy—"B-b-both on 'em goes that." Traveller—"Well, which is the quickest way?" Boy—"B-b-both alike; b-b-both on 'em gets there b-b-both the same t-t-time o'-day." Traveller—"How far is it?" Boy—"Bout four miles." Traveller—"Which is the best road?" Boy—"T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best! If you take the right hand, and go about a m-m-mile, you'll wish you was back; and if you t-t-urn back, and take the b-b-both hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the other r-r-road!"

"HOLD ON, DARE."—The *Pajaro* (S. C.) Register has the following in a recent issue describing an incident among the slaves:

Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot fail to note one; a brother called out in a stentorian voice:

"Who dat praying eber dar?"

The response was:

"Dat's brudder Mass."

"Hold on day, brudder Mass!" was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!"

Bradder Mass dried up, and bradder Ryan prayed.

A PAIR OF THEM.—"John," quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy but one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her worse half, opening her optics.

"Why, by riding."

"H'm! I wish you would imitate that other faggot that hangs up by it—the barometer."

Why so?"

"Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well matched that.

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AFFECTION.—A person following close behind a couple returning from a juvenile party at a fashionable residence in Pittsfield, a few weeks since, happened to overhear the young gentleman thus address his companion in a voice of the tenderest solicitude:

"Charlotte Angelina, you must not set your youthful affections on me, for I am doomed to an early grave—mother says I'm troubled with worms."

An involuntary cough from the listener interrupted the self-devoting reply which they say to the class, was reading the "Last of the Huggermuggers," and stirred by the spirit of inquiry stimulated by her teachers, if not by natural feminine curiosity, asked a boy cousin of hers the meaning of Huggermugger. John looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "I'll show you!" and before the impatient woman had time to make any further remark, John had his arm around her waist, and subjected it to a gentle pressure—"That's better," and this (putting his lips to hers in affectionate collision) is *sugger*. "Yes," said the not more than half displeased Sarah Ann, "and this is the last of the Huggermuggers; for if ever you attempt to give me another such a definition, I'll box your ears."

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FASCINATING GENT. (to precocious little girl).—"You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wife when you grow up!"

LITTLE GIRL.—"No, thank you; I don't want to have a husband; but Aunt Bessy does; I heard her say so!"

A GLEAM OF WINTER JOYS.—Thank heaven for winter. Would that it lasted all the year! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and winking burnies, and dewy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother Earth. Summer is not much amiss, with unobtrusive woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder storms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful dawns. But winter, dear, cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my far-flung bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discarding excellent music; then the long snow-silent or half-rattling nights, with earthly fire-places and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts and travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! —*Noctes Ambrosianae.*

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Agricultural.

POTATO CULTURE.—We have some very pleasant and satisfactory evidence in raising potatoes, from planting simply the eye, just rimming them out with the point of a narrow knife.

We selected the largest and best potatoes from the cellar, took out the eyes, and used the rest of the potatoes for the table, about as profitably as if the eye had not been taken out. They were then planted three in a hill or place, about one foot apart, and in rows some two feet apart; and then cultivated often enough to keep the weeds down, and to keep the ground stirred and mellow.

The result was, we gathered a fine yield of large potatoes from every hill, with no small ones—a very important consideration in harvesting or picking them up. Besides, we had no diseased or unsound ones; although in the adjoining ground, where we planted whole potatoes, there were many unsound ones at the harvest. Hence, we believe, that where there are large quantities of the old seed to rot in the hill, it is likely to affect the young tubers unfavorably; and also where there is too much seed in a hill, it produces too many tubers, so that the young potatoes grow badly crowded, and consequently many of them must be small, and others become diseased. Here is matter for thought and experiment. —*Country Gentleman.*

PULLING HORSES.—Put the curb-chain inside the mouth, from hook to hook, instead of out. How or why it so often acts with such considerable effect, I know not, but at times it utterly puts an end to over-pulling.

To stop a runaway horse, or render the most pulling brute quiet and playful with his bit, get a double-plain snaffle, rather thick and heavy, the joints rather open; cut an old curb-chain in half and let it hang down from the bottom snaffle joint. When the brute of ferve to pull or bolt, instantly merely drop your hand; of course, the curb-chain will drop between his front teeth, and should the beast savage it—if any of your correspondents wish to try the effect on themselves, they have only to place a nut between their front teeth and try to crack it—they will soon understand the vast difference between pleasure and pain. So does the horse, and in a short time he will play with the very thing he before tried to pull, and in the end become, from a vicious brute, a playful and good-mouthed brute. —*London Field.*

HOW TO KNEE A STALLION.—A correspondent of Porter's Spirit, in reference to the above inquiry, writes: "Give your horse in the morning one quart of cracked wheat and four fresh eggs; the same at noon, and at night four quarts of new milk. In addition, feed him with clean oats enough to keep him in good condition. Let him have from three to five miles of exercise every day, and only one mare in every twenty-four hours. Observe these rules, and the horse will prove a sure foot-gather, his stock will have strong constitutions, and whether for running or trotting, his stock will never deteriorate, if judgment is used in crossing. Finally do not permit your horse to be used more than twice in one day, if you do there will be sure to be windfalls."

MEASURING HAY AND CORN IN BULK.—A cube of 8 feet square is estimated to make a ton of hay in stack or mow, after it is well settled. Allowance must be made for the fineness and compactness of the hay; for fine hay at the bottom of the mow or stack, it will take less than the above measure—for coarse and highly pressed hay, it will take more.

To measure corn in the ear, find the contents of the crib, by multiplying the average length, width and depth in inches into each other, and divide this product by 2,815, the number of cubic inches in a heaped bushel; take two thirds of this quotient for bushels of shelled corn. This rule supposes three heaped half bushels of ears to make a bushel of shelled corn. —*Ohio Cultivator.*

POISONING MELONS, &c.—One of the best methods we have found to raise early plants of the melon and cucumber under glass, is to take seeds from three to five inches thick, soak them some twelve hours or more in liquid manure, and then plunge them down, into the bed, then insert three or four seeds in each seed, where they can afterwards be transplanted with the seed, without disturbing the roots.

SCARS ON SHEEP.—W. R. C. asks: "What is the best remedy for shab or scab in sheep?" Having a large mountain sheep farm, I was much troubled with the scab among them, until a friend, an extensive farmer, gave me three years ago the following simple and effectual remedy, which I have used with the greatest success ever since, scarcely having to apply more than one dressing, except to those very badly affected. Take 1 lb. of common tobacco to 4 gallons of buttermilk, which put into a closely-covered earthen jar, and place in an oven for three or four hours to simmer; when cold, apply in the following manner:—Take each sheep affected, and after parting the wool down the centre of the back, pour on from half a pint to a pint, as the case may be, taking care that the solution reaches every part affected. The sheep must be perfectly dry before dressing; I generally put mine under cover the night before, and also keep them up a short time afterwards, after which they can be removed to their accustomed pasture. —*Corrus, London Field.*

GROWING TOBACCO.—As soon as the frost is out of the ground, burn a brush heap, and while it is hot, rake in the seed. When the plants have leaves about an inch long, transplant to rich, warm soil, and set them out about four feet each way. Keep the weeds down, and by all means keep off the "tobacco worm." Nip off the seeds as fast as they come, and let the plants stand until they become spotted with yellow spots the size of a five-cent piece; then cut them close to the ground, and hang them over a pole in the shed to dry. When sufficiently dry, so as not to break the leaves, pack them in a pile so that they can sweat; then hang them up again. —*Michigan correspondent of Rural America.*

PREVENTING SOWS FROM DESTROYING THEIR OFFSPRING.—A much more humane and Christian remedy, than to make the unfortunate animal drunk, is to supply it with a little meat every day for a few days previous to farrowing; the sow, being carnivorous, seems especially to require flesh food at that time. An effete cock, an old hen that consumes more than she produces, waste scraps from the house, or if nothing else is to be had, refuse meat should be bought of the butcher. If the sow is thus provided, and well fed, she will not eat her pigs. —*Ohio Farmer.*

CLEANING OFF ROCKS.—A writer in the N. E. Farmer, after blasting, breaking and burying rocks until his patience was exhausted, says he tried fire and water. He collected a good quantity of brush, leaves, and any combustible rubbish, and kept up a brisk fire for an hour, about a rock weighing three or four tons. He then dashed on a few buckets of cold water, and the rock fell in fragments.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post.—I send you a receipt for a pudding which we all like so much that we have it once a week. I never saw it in any cook-book. Now all you young lady readers of the model paper, who strive to please your brothers, try it, and you will thank SALICE:

STRAW PUDGING.—Three cups of flour; one cup of sugar; one cup of raisins; one cup of molasses; two cups of milk; one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda. Chop the suet very fine, put it in the flour with the other ingredients, and steam it two hours. To be eaten with lemon dip.

LEMON DIP.—Thin two tablespoonsful of flour with water; stir it into a pint of boiling water; let it boil once; take it up and stir in four tablespoonsful of sugar, a little butter, and the juice of one lemon. Some prefer wine or brandy dip, but we testotators prefer the afore-said lemon dip.

BLUE AND RED INK.—For blue ink, dissolve indigo in oil of vitriol and add water until you have the shade of color required. Then add as much potash, or soda, as the liquid will bear without injury to its color. Another method is to mix in a glass bottle one ounce of powdered Prussian blue with two ounces of muriatic acid. Let it stand 24 hours, then dilute with water, and it is ready for use. There are a dozen methods of making red ink, differing but little. In fact, ink of any color may be made from strong decoctions of the ingredients used in dyeing, mixed with a little alum and gum arabic. The following makes a very good red ink: Stale beer, or vinegar, 1 pint; cochineal, bruised, 1 dram; gum arabic, 1 ounce; ground Brazil, 2 ounces; alum, 2 ounces; boil moderately for three or four hours and strain. —*Rural New Yorker.*

TO TAKE GREASE OUT, &c.—Rub the place with bicarbonate of soda, and a little water. The soda will combine with the grease and form soap suds.

TO KEEP APPLES.—The most effectual method of preserving both apples and pears with which I am familiar—and which, of course, I recommend in preference to all others, is the following: Having selected the best fruit, wipe it perfectly clean and dry with a fine cloth, then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly coated with cement, and having placed a layer of fine sand perfectly dry at the bottom, place thereon a layer of the fruit—apples or pears as the case may be—but not so close as to touch each other, and then a layer of sand; and in this way proceed till the vessel is full. Over the upper layer of fruit a thick stratum of sand may be spread and lightly pressed down with the hands. In this manner choose fruit, perfectly ripe, may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar be placed in a situation free from moisture. —*Southern Homestead.*